











THE  
RISE, PROGRESS, AND TERMINATION

OF THE

**O. P. War,**

*IN POETIC EPISTLES,*

OR

HUDIBRASTIC LETTERS,

*From Ap Simpkins in Town, to his Friend  
Ap Davies in Wales;*

INCLUDING

ALL THE BEST SONGS, PLACARDS, TOASTS,  
&c. &c.

Which were written, exhibited, and given on the Occasion;

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY THOMAS TEGG.

—  
Arma virumque cano.  
—

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, 111, CHEAPSIDE,

1810.

Henry, Printer, Crown-Court, Aldersgate-Street.

To  
HENRY CLIFFORD, Esq.  
*Barrister at Law,*  
these  
POETIC EPISTLES,  
or  
*Hudibrastic Letters,*  
Relative to the  
O. P. WAR,  
are,  
With all due deference and respect,  
Inscribed by  
His most obedient,  
Humble Servant,  
THE AUTHOR.

111, Cheapside.





## PREFACE.

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THOUGH accounts of this memorable war, which the O. P.'s (or the advocates for *old prices*) had waged against the Proprietors of the new Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, for *sixty-six* nights, on and after the opening of the new theatre (1809-10), have been already laid before the public, yet a HUMOROUS history in HUDIBRASTIC letters, will, it is presumed, not be unacceptable. The

rise, progress, and termination of this war are certainly excellent subjects for the comic muse. If the *execution* of the work be found deficient, the author's apologies are, that it is a *first attempt*, and that he delayed awhile in order to see if a more able poet would undertake the task ; but finding it passed over, he therefore, with all due submission and respect, offers the public this humble and hasty composition. Though *haste* cannot be justly admitted as an apology for a poetical work, yet in the present instance it may have some claim to indulgence, seeing that *further delay* would have rendered his theme stale and unacceptable.

It may, perhaps, be said, that as hostilities between the public and managers have now ceased, the causes should also be buried in oblivion. This attempt, however, is not intended to revive them to the prejudice of either party. The author has avoided all *partial, ill-natured* remarks, and no individual, though he may form a principal actor in the present narrative, can be offended with AP SIMPKINS's account. The death of O. P. is now indisputable, and these *biographical* memoirs cannot be taken amiss. They are founded on facts, humorously mentioned in a diurnal print, which thus announced the death of O. P. when it *really took place*.

“ Died O. P. aged *sixty-six*.

“ No man acted such a part on such a *stage*. In his infancy he was noisy, which was attributed to *bad management*. Although a good pugilist, he hated *private BOXES*. He was author of many humorous pieces in prose and verse. Like Sir Roger Coverly, he gave name to a *DANCE*. His matrimonial connections were not considered as very happy, as he had frequently been reproached for his *HORNS*. He was, however, accounted a good *Christian*, as he had professed a great antipathy to the *JEWS*. He was also a loyal character, as he sung every night——

“ God save the King.” Engaged in law-suits, he had of advocates the BEST. A *pit* was made for his body.— A barrister was the grave-digger.— Kemble read the funeral service with great solemnity, and Brandon and Harris were the *Chief Mourners.*”

*Feb. 8, 1810.*

111, CHEAPSIDE.



# THE O. P. WAR

## LETTER I.

*From Ap SIMPKINS to Ap DAVIES*



SINCE now the O. P. battle's o'er,  
And peace the partisans restore,  
To you, Ap Davies, my dear friend,  
A brief account of all I'll send,  
From the beginning to the end :  
But, lest your patience I should tire,  
And send you more than you'd desire,  
Lest I too many letters might  
On this theatric contest write,  
Which letters, as they'll go by post,  
Would in the end some shillings cost,  
On leading points I'll only dwell,  
And all that's entertaining tell.

Where the old playhouse lately blazed,  
In Covent Garden, soon was raised  
Another playhouse, as intended,  
On which the managers expended



A sum indeed beyond all bounds,  
It was thrice fifty thousand pounds !!!  
In ten month's time it was erected,  
And from th' exterior much expected.  
But though so very grand without,  
Within, 'tis very plain no doubt.  
'Twas on the eighteenth of September,  
(The day I very well remember)  
For which Macbeth was advertised ;  
A play so generally prized.  
Near to the doors what numbers push'd !  
As soon as opened in they rush'd.  
At first the pit seem'd rather dull--  
By six o'clock the house was full ;  
And the first lady that appear'd,  
With loud huzzas by all was cheer'd.  
The band struck up *God save the King*,  
And several times the song they sing :  
Then *Rule Britannia* next they play'd,  
Which some to sing also essay'd.  
The band their music might have sav'd,  
While hats and handkerchiefs were wav'd.  
At length the curtain up they drew,  
And Kumble on the stage we view.  
To give us an address he came,  
To talk of "*sparks from Greece*"—the "*flame*"

Of "an *illumin'd* age"—"the *fire*  
Of Shakspeare," which we must admire.  
But so vociferously they roar'd,  
I did not hear a single word.  
The play began, but at this time  
'Twas like the *Circus* pantomime,  
And gave as little satisfaction  
As Elliston's *ballet of action*.  
When Kemble entered as Macbeth,  
It was in vain he spent his breath,  
For not a word could reach the ear :  
E'en Mrs. Siddons I cou'dn't hear.  
With noise was Charles Kemble hail'd—  
'The uproar every where prevail'd.  
"Off ! off !" "Old prices !" were the cries ;  
"No Catalani !" and "No rise !"  
What hissing, yelling, howling, groaning !  
What barking, braying, hooting, moaning !  
The people bellow'd, shouted, storm'd,  
The actors in dumb show perform'd.  
Those in the pit stood up with rage,  
And turn'd their backs upon the stage.  
Yes, my dear friend, their backs they turn'd,  
And thus were the performers spurn'd.  
The tragedy thus *tragedi'd*,  
Brenton came forward, as surmis'd,

T' announce for the next night the play ;  
But still they bark, and yell, and bray.  
I heard him not, and all could see,  
Was his lips move, then exit he.  
The *Quaker* was the farce, they say ;  
I thought it was *the Devil to pay*—  
In short, it went on like the play.  
I'm certain that the quaker *quak'd*,  
Each head too with the tumult ach'd.  
About ELEVEN, or before,  
'The stage amusements all were o'er ;  
But not until the clock struck ONE  
Were those *before the curtain* done.  
The cry of "Managers !" went round ;  
From all parts did the cry resound.  
The eager, the impetuous crowd,  
Then for *old prices* call'd aloud.  
In vain they call'd—they brandish'd sticks,  
The boards too trembled with their kicks ;  
When lo ! upon the stage, indeed,  
Two magistrates—yes, Nares and Read,  
Made their appearance—'tis a fact—  
They came to read the *Riot Act*.  
But all these worthies wish'd to say  
Was treated like the farce and play—  
"No magistrates ! off ! off ! away !

I let Harris, if you please, appear,  
Or send John Philip Kemble here.”  
They thought to make the gentry quiet,  
To prove that *words* were *acts* of riot :  
But ’twould not do—“ Off ! off ! enough ! ”  
So *excut* *Ambo* in a huff.  
And now the galleries began :  
They curs’d the building and the plan.  
They thought the managers unkind—  
They were in *pigeon-holes* confin’d.  
Pat cries—“ I *will* be squeez’d to death ;  
I *will* be *kilt* for want of breath.”  
Those in the upper boxes now  
Assisted in the general *row*,  
And, ’midst their fury and their heat,  
They happen’d to break down a seat.  
Impossible, in such a fray,  
But that some benches must give way :  
At this, however, much displeased,  
The Bow-street runners came and seized  
Two or three gentlemen—they swore—  
They dragg’d them out—their coats they tore.  
These men it seems, on this condition,  
Had to all parts a *free admission*.  
’Twas to the managers’ disgrace,  
An officer, in such a place,  
Should, uninvited, show his face.

But to the rest—the bell was heard,  
And engines\* on the stage appear'd.  
This gave the folk some discontent :  
They thought that Mr. Kemble meant  
To *play upon them*. This gave rise  
To further hisses, groans, and cries.  
Some in the pit now form'd a ring,  
They danc'd, and sung *God save the King* ;  
And while performing these wild feats,  
They play'd the devil with the seats.  
No matter—they evinc'd their spite,  
Then bade the managers good night ;  
And I the same must bid my friend—  
But take my word—on this depend---  
My pen I will resume again,  
Till when your servant I remain.

*Strand, Jan. 1810.*

S.

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\* The introduction of the water-engines on the stage was, it is asserted, through a mistake. Engines are kept in the theatre, and placed on the stage after the evening's performances, in case of danger, particularly as the fire-offices have refused to insure the house to the full amount. Mr. Kemble perceiving from his private box that the audience were not gone, ordered the bell to be rung for the stage lights to be replaced. This order was misunderstood by the prompter, and instead of the lights the engines were brought upon the stage. Certainly they might have been designedly brought on to intimidate the malcontents, but without the manager's knowledge.

## LETTER II.

(IN CONTINUATION)

ACCORDING to my word, my pen  
I take up, my dear friend, again,  
And with my story shall proceed,  
Relating only truth indeed—  
It far surpasses all the tales  
Were ever told I think in Wales,  
And cannot fail to raise a laugh,  
When with your friends your ale you quaff

On the succeeding 'Tuesday, they  
The *Beggar's Opera* strove to play ;  
But ah ! it was a vain essay.  
John Bull was now resolv'd to show  
He was a formidable foe.     '  
In dudgeon he the prices took,  
And imposition would not brook.  
In truth, the *private boxes*, sir,  
Did chiefly his chagrin incur,  
For, wou'd you think it ?—the third tier  
The managers had let *per* year ;  
And these had snug apartments got,  
'To chat, to lounge in, and what not ?  
Cries John. in spite of the *polue*,  
" I'll pay no seven-shilling piece,"

Th' admission price they advertised,  
“ When seats are thus monopolized.”  
During the *Beggar's Opera*, all  
For the old prices loudly call :  
Like discontent too they evince  
During the farce—*Is he a Prince ?*  
And not a speech—no, not a song,  
In farce or opera, heard the throng.  
The actors spoke and sung in vain—  
Chaos, thought I, is come again !  
While thus with noise the playhouse shook,  
Some of the fair their seats forsook.  
'Tremendous scuffles then arose,  
Which pav'd the way for kicks and blows,  
That tended some to discompose.  
At last the discontented made  
A bold attempt the stage t' invade.  
A band of constables appear'd,  
Who very rashly interfer'd ;  
'They strove to drive th' invaders back,  
And thus repel the bold attack ;  
But they were hooted from the stage :  
They made their exit in a rage.  
'Twill be (such hopes this war affords)  
Their last appearance on the boards.  
Now all the trap doors were unbarr'd,  
The enemy's progress to retard.

By this manœuvre they appear  
 T' have kept the stage at present clear.  
 While thus all parties were engag'd,  
 And battle with each other wag'd,  
 A gentleman, of serious mood,  
 Up in the middle boxes stood.  
 He their attention did beseech,  
 And made to this effect a speech :—  
 “ A patient hearing I solicit—  
 If you don't like my speech, then hiss it.  
 A British subject I !—as such,  
 Would not have thought the price too much,  
 Of either boxes or the pit,  
 Had the proprietors thought fit  
 Their case with candor to submit ;  
 Had they come forward to explain  
 An urgency for greater gain ;—  
 To show us, by a statement fair,  
 Th' old prices insufficient were,  
 And begg'd we would not be unwilling  
 To add a sixpence and a shilling,\*  
 Then I'd have cry'd—*Well, be it so,*  
 And this would every one I know ;  
 For most undoubtedly we find  
 A British audience free and kind.

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\* That is—6d. more on the pit (1s. instead of 3s. 6d.)  
 and 1s. on the boxes (7s. instead of 6s.)



We have, however, to bewail  
That managers in duty fail.  
They've made no statement—if they could,  
It is no more than what they should.  
'Then by your conduct let them see  
Monopoly shall punish'd be.  
We will not sit with tame submission,  
And countenance gross imposition.  
We'll not accede to this taxation,  
But meet it with just indignation.  
If, to suppose, I had good reason,  
That the advance, throughout the season,  
On either boxes or the pit,  
Would be of *general* benefit,  
I should not then oppose the measure:  
No, gentlemen, 'twould give me pleasure.  
But well I know the prices new  
Would only benefit a few—  
A few, who now like *nabobs* live,  
As they large salaries receive—  
A few, who're rich enough, and who  
Have all their wealth deriv'd from you.  
The other actors, I maintain,  
Can no advantage from it gain.  
One more remark, then mute I'll be—  
That tier of *private* boxes see\*—

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\* Pointing to the private boxes.

Then persevere—your sense now show,  
 And let those vile impostors know,  
 To such abuse you'll not agree,  
 For that our theatres shall be  
 Directed by the people's will—  
 Yes, persevere, be urgent still,  
 Else must this theatre, a second  
 Italian Op'ra House, be reckon'd :  
 And even though assent we may  
 A seven-shilling piece to pay,  
 If boxes thus are yearly let,  
 By and by no places we shall get,  
 But be excluded—yes, shut out,  
 And forc'd to go, without a doubt,  
 Into the pit, like wretched *flats*,  
 With our *silk stockings* and *cock'd hats*.  
 But persevere, and you, anon,  
 Will doubtless triumph o'er *Don John*."

This speech met universal praise :  
 The house resounded with huzzas :  
 And then " Old Prices " loud they bawl'd.  
 When half a dozen out were haul'd,  
 And to the watch-house quick convey'd,  
 For having thus a tumult made.  
 " Old Prices ! " still " Old Prices " they  
 Vociferated all the way.

And thus, at twelve o'clock, I vow  
Concluded they the second row.  
At twelve—but mark, that long before  
'The opera and farce were o'er—  
Yes, long before—don't think I mock—  
'The curtain dropp'd 'bout nine o'clock.  
The people spent the other hours  
In a display of vocal pow'rs.  
All bellow'd, shouted, till their lungs  
No longer could befriend their tongues ;  
Till quite fatigu'd, they thought it best  
To leave the house and go to rest ;  
Fatigu'd as I am now—'tis true,  
So with your leave I'll bid

*Adieu.*

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### LETTER III.

(IN CONTINUATION)

THE third night of the contest came—  
The hurly burly was the same.  
Though Mr. Cooke *King Richard* play'd,  
None listen'd to a word was said.  
'Twould not have matter'd much, I ween,  
Had he this night, *as usual*, been—

That is, had he been *non se ipse*,  
Or, in plain English, had been tipsy ;  
He must have pass'd, there is no doubt,  
If able to walk in and out.  
Hostilities were now improv'd—  
John Bull was evidently mov'd  
To anger, and he spoke his scorn  
With trumpet, cat-call, bugle-horn.  
Carrier pigeons too had he,  
To carry to the stage O. P.  
Bills, called *placards*, too, did appear  
On many a cushion, chandalier,  
And in large letters thereon writ  
Some curious sentiments—to wit :  
“ No hired ruffians ! ” “ O. P. for ever ! ”  
“ Submit to the new prices never ! ”  
“ No imposition let there be ; ”  
“ No private boxes—all be free ! ”  
The farce was the *Poor Soldier*—this  
Receiv'd many a loud groan and hiss.  
The music of it soon was drown'd  
In that of bugle-horns around :  
But when it drew near a conclusion,  
Amidst the noise and the confusion,  
Munden approach'd the angry crowd,  
And bow'd and scrap'd, and scrap'd and bow'd.

They now cry " Silence ! hear him ! hear !"  
Then Mr. Kemble did appear.  
Some time elaps'd, as guess you may,  
Ere he a single word could say :  
At length he spoke—and thanks he gave,  
That he to speak obtain'd their leave—  
Declar'd they all were anxious still  
To satisfy the public's will.  
Now shouts ensu'd of exultation,  
To signify their approbation.  
They tore the bills down, one by one,  
And loudly cry'd " Go on ! go on !"  
" Ladies and gentlemen, I now  
I feel oblig'd to you that now  
This opportunity you grant,  
To know—what is it pray you want ?"  
They now begin to hoot, complain—  
It was all hell broke loose again.  
With indignation and fell rage  
They threw the papers on the stage,  
And " There ! read ! read !" they loudly cry'd,  
" Our wishes there are signified."  
These papers, though, he did not read,  
But all in vain strove to proceed.  
Finding at last it would not do,  
He made his bow and then withdrew.

The farce now over—silence reign'd—  
The people still their seats retain'd,  
Expecting overtures for peace,  
And hoping that the war might cease.  
They waited though till out of patience,  
And then commenc'd some grand orations.  
The person who before declaim'd  
Declar'd that he was much asham'd  
Of what last night had taken place,  
Which would a very gaol disgrace.  
A hireling of the house, he said,  
With fifty others to his aid,  
Enter'd the pit, against the law,  
Insulting every one he saw.  
The others—constables, no doubt,  
Assisted him to beat them out.  
After this cowardly attack,  
He to the pit again came back,  
Then wav'd his hat, a boasting made,  
And very impudently said  
That for five guineas he that night  
Would any in the boxes fight.  
This conduct vile, at which he glanc'd,  
By managers was countenanc'd.  
Several *orders*, he found out,  
The <sup>stage</sup> managers dispers'd about ;

And by these means did they provide  
Numerous friends upon their side.  
“Nay,” added he, “John Bull’s abused,  
For cash they’ve at the doors refused;  
Yet at the same time have thought fit  
These paper orders to admit.  
They say—but can it be believ’d?  
They say that they have not receiv’d  
For all the money they have spent  
These last ten years e’en *six per cent.*  
Would Kemble then, if such things were,  
Have given so much pray for his share?  
The private boxes fill their purse;  
The rent of these will reimburse  
All their expenditures—will pay  
For Catalani if she play.  
But, gentlemen, now show your spirit,  
Be advocates for native merit;  
Nor let, in this enlighten’d age,  
Italians tread an English stage.”

With shouts did this oration close,  
And then a barrister\* arose.  
To call the manager he mov’d,  
Which measure highly was approv’d:

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\* J. P. Smith, Esq.

And now for Kemble called the crow'd—  
He came not—five minutes they allow'd;  
When ten claps'd, he came and bow'd.  
“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he,  
“Your will I wait respectfully.”  
A thousand tongues together join'd,  
For all, it seems, were of one mind.  
He that first open'd the debate,  
At length their grievances did state:  
And now his speech was so concise, as  
Two words, *videlicet*—“Old Prices.”  
Then Mr. Kemble mention'd how  
Exorbitant the things were now;  
They were not only very dear,  
But still encreasing every year.  
Materials, he declared, cost less  
In the cheap days of good Queen Bess;  
Yet people then they did'nt admit  
Under *three shillings*\* to the pit.  
It had been stated in this place,  
Which, he observ'd, was not the case,

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\* This is still the price of admission to the pit of the little theatre in the Haymarket; and the boxes are, as formerly, five shillings. Certainly the proprietors of that theatre must feel the severity of the times as well as other managers, particularly as they lose one-third of their season by the protracted performances of the winter theatres.



Their annual profits were immense,  
And adequate to each expence.

“ I pledge my honor, sirs, and I  
Would never pledge it in a lie  
For all this theatre is worth—”

This very great applause drew forth.

“ We’ve not, these last ten years, as I know,  
Got *six per cent.* for all our rhino.

Good dresses, scenery to boast,  
Are sources of enormous cost.

The gentleman who spoke last night,  
Declared, if I did hear him right,  
If to suppose he had good reason,  
That the advance throughout the season,  
On either boxes or the pit,

Would be of *general* benefit,

He’d not oppose the measure : then

On him, and you too, gentlemen,

I call for your support. Behind,

Our best performers are, you’ll find ;

They’ll testify, the prices new,

Will be to them new prices too.”

Disapprobation now was shown,

By many a hiss and many a groan.

The learned gentleman replied,

And Kemble’s statement he denied :

'The prices new would not, he said,  
Add five pounds to the sal'ries paid.  
The actors would, he understood,  
From them derive more harm than good :  
Th' house-charges would be rais'd of course,  
And benefits be therefore worse.  
" Then persevere, do not refrain,  
To-morrow let us meet again.  
Yes, persevere my boys !—that's right !  
And for the present bid good-night."



## LETTER IV.

(IN CONTINUATION)

*Love in a Village* they next play'd,  
But nought heard that was sung or said.  
Thus also fared the farce—*Who Wins?*  
This name occasioned some broad grins.  
John Bull resolv'd that he would win,  
So rattles, cat-calls, horns begin !  
The managers encreas'd the riot,  
In hopes to *make* the people quiet :  
'They published from Lord MANSFIELD's speech  
On MACKLIN's case, some extracts, which  
They thought wou'd frighten all the folk,  
But which did greater rage provoke.

Thus they held out, that every fellow,  
Who dared to hiss, to groan, or bellow.  
Was RIOTING: which crime would draw  
The heavy vengeance of the law :—  
Moreover—those who did assist  
Any who bellow'd, groan'd, or hiss'd,  
Were all CONSPIRATORS ;—as such  
They would be punish'd very much.  
John Bull at this new doctrine stared—  
“ Our rights are gone then,” he declar'd  
“ Our liberty——” but then he smil'd—  
He was'nt by craft to be beguil'd.  
The present case was not, in law,  
The same as Macklin's he foresaw ;  
And therefore felt not the least dread,  
Though magistrates were ev'n misled ;  
Nay, those who 'better shou'd have known,  
To this opinion too were prone.  
Who, therefore, damn'd a bad new play,  
Had *bred a riot* they might say ;  
And those by whom 'twas not admir'd,  
Against the poet had *conspir'd* ;  
But didn't the great Lord Mansfield say  
All might express the usual way—  
Their censure or their approbation ?  
Take this into consideration ;

Then ask what is the *usual way*?

I know the critics of the day,

Will thus reply—to hiss, to clap ;

Nay, more—to groan, to shout perhap.

John Bull was now prepar'd for battle,  
With whistle, trumpet, drum, and rattle.

If this was breeding any riot,

A JURY, he resolv'd, shou'd try it.

Now speakers argued at great length,

Then of their lungs they tried the strength :

With bugle-horns the play-house rung—

*God save the King* was loudly sung.

Placards succeeded these fine speeches—

“ Be silent, sirs, King John's head *itches*.”

“ No foreigners—no Catalani,

Dickons is better far than any.” .

Again the orators debated,

And Kemble's conduct deprecated ;

Who had, one of the speaker's stated,

The beef-stake club a room denied,

With which they'd always been supplied.

Another gentleman alluded

To the engagement they'd concluded

With Catalani—“ Sure,” said he,

“ Most entertaining it must be,

Great Kemble with a rod to see—

Teaching that lady every week,  
The English language how to speak.”  
More said he, which was said before,  
And doubtless would have added more :  
But Kemble suddenly appear’d,  
Who now with thund’ring shouts was cheer’d.  
He found, he said, with consternation,  
His statement met disapprobation ;  
But as thereto he still referr’d—  
The noise began—he was not heard :  
So great commotion when he saw,  
He thought it prudent to withdraw.  
I now beheld, upon their legs,  
A thousand members : one man begs  
An audience—managers accus’d  
Of falsehood, and their schemes abus’d.  
“ They think,” said he, “ John Bull to awe,  
By means of constables and law ;  
By Bow-street officers, and those  
Brave Hebrews who delight in blows :  
By fighting watermen and boors—  
By water-engines and trap-doors.”  
Another speaker—of the navy,  
Wish’d managers were at Old Davy :  
He lik’d a play, and lik’d to bring  
His family to see such thing ;

So could not give his countenance  
To the d—d rascally advance.  
He hoped, if stubborn still they were,  
And that the scheme was brought to bear,  
His Majesty his pay would raise,  
T' enable him to visit plays.  
And now to loggerheads they went,  
Each constable and mal-content ;  
Like harlequins they skip about,  
Now out and in, now in and out.  
One member, while he boldly rail'd  
At the monopoly prevail'd ;—  
While he observ'd, that the high price  
Of things, did justly not suffice  
For managers a rise to claim,  
As others then might do the same,—  
While half an hour he thus declaim'd,  
And the great Kemble *vagrant* nam'd.  
One who the managers defended,  
And in their favor had contended,  
Was from the boxes quickly thrown  
Into the pit—which hurt his crown.

Some in the house were a disgrace,  
I must acknowledge, to the place :  
No wonder—*orders* gave they round  
To all the vilest cou'd be found.

The actors, victory to win,  
Were likewise constables sworn in :  
The guards, too, who the doors defended  
With their fix'd bayonets, pretended  
That after nine none had a right  
T' approach the playhouse doors that night.

Now of *God save the King* a verse  
Was sung—the signal to disperse :  
This test of loyalty thus given,  
The house was clear'd about eleven.

## LETTER V.

(IN CONTINUATION)

*JOHN BULL* was what they gave us next,  
With which John Bull was doubly vex'd ;  
For though this piece is highly prais'd,  
Yet now it evidently rais'd  
A civil war, of discord-full—  
It was JOHN BULL against *John Bull*.  
The farce, the *Quaker*, which you know  
Was play'd the first night in dumb show,  
And was to-night exactly so.  
Now *Rule Britannia* loud they sing,  
With *Hearts of Oak*—*God save the King* ;  
While instruments are heard all round,  
Some too of high and mighty sound,  
To carry on this martial strife—  
Especially an octave life,  
Whose very loud ear-piercing notes  
Drown'd all the music of their throats.  
In act the second Kemble came :  
'T' address the people was his aim ;  
But such the noise when he appear'd,  
It was some time ere he was heard.



As soon as did the tumult cease,  
Thus spoke th' ambassador for peace :—  
“ I’ve a proposal to submit,”  
Addressing boxes and the pit,  
“ And trust, if time you will afford,  
Tranquillity may be restor’d.”  
Now general applause ensu’d,  
And thus the speaker did conclude :—  
“ To gentlemen of character  
All our accounts we shall refer ;  
Yes, a committee shall decide  
The points in question.” Now they cry’d,  
“ No! no!” “ I’ll not be sure deny’d  
Impartial justice. Men of rank  
We’ll choose—the Governor of the Bank ;  
Th’ Attorney General too, suppose,”  
But still they answered him with *noes*.  
He could not say what he desired,  
And to the stage door oft retired ;  
At length six persons\* did he mention,  
Who should decide this great contention ;  
But still they were not satisfied  
By their opinion to abide ;

---

\* The Governor of the Bank of England, the Attorney General, the Solicitor General, or the Accountant General of the Court of Chancery, Sir Francis Baring, and Mr. Angerstein.

And Kemble, having talk'd in vain,  
Withdrew, and tumult reign'd again.  
Now with your leave, my friend, I'll take  
This opportunity to make  
Some trite remarks.—Ten years ago  
Eight actors\*—see their names below,  
And the proprietors fell out.  
No matter now what 'twas about ;  
But to this war a termination  
At last was put by arbitration :  
Who then as umpire was decreed ?  
Sir F——s B——g ? No, indeed.  
Was't the Attorney Gen'ral ? No.  
The Governor of the Bank ? Not so.  
In short, my friend, 'twas only one  
That in this case was call'd upon—  
The ground of diff'rence was referr'd  
To the LORD CHAMBERLAIN ; he heard  
The arguments of those contended,  
And the proprietors befriended.  
He then was judge, and why not now ?  
The fittest person you'll allow,  
Whose duty 'tis all plays t' inspect,  
And what he likes not, to reject.

---

\* MESSRS. Holman, Johnstone, Fawcett, Pope, Knight, H. Johnston, Munden, and Incedou. See *Theatrical Dictionary*, *Dramatic Mirror*, &c. &c.

Why in the name of wonder then,  
Refer this case to gentlemen  
Who had no right to interfere?  
It did not come within their sphere—  
Though gentlemen of high renown,  
Were they to dictate to the town?  
Though men of talents—yet, I pray,  
What of a theatre knew they?  
Why did'n't the managers again  
Apply to the Lord Chamberlain?  
I think the reason's very plain—  
His lordship was averse, they knew,  
To the grand scheme they had in view.

With warmth the contest they maintain'd;  
Some damage too the house sustain'd;  
The coverings of the seats were torn,  
And on the doors they spit their scorn.  
The scrolls hung up were repetitions  
Of late placards, with some additions:  
Of novel ones there were a few;  
To wit—"Wou'd there be prices new  
If Drury was not burnt?" "Old Prices!  
No relaxation, our advice is."  
"Let them perform to empty benches,  
'Twill managers bring to their senses."  
"Support us, lads—we'll support you."  
"No Kembles, and no prices new."

“ No compromise—come to the point—  
Old prices is the thing we want.”

“ Are not the managers, indeed,  
The men who this disturbance breed ?

‘ They’re authors of this discontent,  
And ought to Bow-street to be sent.”

“ It is John Bull against John Kemble.” [ble.”

“ Down with King John—we’ll make him trem-

“ No foreigners, but native worth.”

“ Let no Italians be brought forth.”

“ Let managers henceforward see,  
Th’ voice of the public shall be free,  
In spite of all their obstin’cy.”

“ John Bull is acting well we know ;  
Pit as before !—it must be so.”

“ ‘ Th’ admission prices must decrease,  
Or else we’ll never make a peace.”

“ Angels and ministers of grace  
Defend us from monopoly !”

“ ‘ The house that Jack built—Ha ! ha ! he !”

‘ There also were some droll devices,  
Respecting Kemble and old prices.

A cure for *itches* was exhibited,  
By Mr. Kemble’s figure gibbeted.

Then in another, as ’tis said,  
Kemble and Harris were pourtray’d—

Macbeth the former, and the latter  
Poor Banquo weighing well the matter :  
Macbeth then, starting with surprise,  
“ *Thou can’st not say I did it,*” cries ;  
Whereupon Banquo makes reply—  
“ *A lie! upon my soul a lie!*”  
Though bitter these ideas, yet  
Their bitterness we’ll soon forget,  
They were the offspring of mere ire,  
And in oblivion must expire.

A dance diverted now the throng,  
This the *finale* ’stead of song—  
Believe me, sir, they danc’d all round,  
And beat O. P. upon the ground ;  
And hence the O. P. dance arose,  
Which they to music did compose :  
You might have seen it, for, I’m told,  
At every music shop ’tis sold :  
Thus for an hour they persever’d,  
And nothing but O. P. was heard.  
While from the trampled benches broke  
A cloud of dust as thick as smoke ;  
This done, they bade to all adieu  
Before eleven, as I bid you.

## LETTER VI.

(IN CONTINUATION)

ON the sixth night attempted they  
The *Woodman*, a poor *harmless* play :  
The farce (for to have one they must)  
*Raising the Wind*—but, to speak just,  
It was to night *raising the dust*.  
The managers now deem'd it right  
To send no orders in this night—  
For thus the house they fill'd before,  
Which tended not to stop th' uproar ;  
Perhaps their orders came to those  
Who, *bona fide*, were their foes—  
For many of th' *orderly* folk  
Help'd the disorder to provoke :  
Whate'er the cause, they now thought fit,  
The cash, not paper, to admit.  
But discord reign'd—without a joke  
The instruments this variance spoke :—  
Discords there were of every kind,  
With marrow-bones and clevers join'd.  
To add to the terrific *yell*,  
They even add a dustman's bell—  
No noise this noise cou'd parallel.

The day before, you'd think it strange,  
But search you might Exeter Change ;  
Nay, every toy-shop might you try  
Both far and near, ere you cou'd buy  
(The very newspapers did this tell)  
A penny trumpet or child's whistle.  
During this dreadful hurricane  
The actors spoke and sung in vain ;  
For such was now the people's rage,  
They pelted them when on the stage :  
Placards were placed before their eyes,  
Of every kind, of every size ;  
Some from the boxes did appear,  
And covered the whole second tier ;  
While others, specimens of wit,  
Were thrown about, and fill'd the pit :  
I shall select a few of these,  
As they, my friend, will doubtless please:—  
“ Cease, Kemble, your unjust pretence,  
And show, at least, you've common sense ;  
Your pride on folly clearly borders,  
Witness the tools that have your *orders*.”  
“ Seventeen thousand a-year goes pat,  
To Kemble, his sister, and Madame *Cat*.”  
“ John Kemble be damn'd,  
We will not be cramm'd.”

“ John Kemble alone is the cause of this riot—  
When he lowers his prices John Bull will be  
quiet.”

“ ’Tis no use to dissemble,  
Squire John Philip Kemble.”

“ John Bull, John Bull, O! brave John Bull,  
Of resolution still be full;  
Fear not to show disapprobation,  
But firmly keep your proper station,  
For none of Kemble born shall gull the British  
nation.\* ”

“ Mountain and Dickons!  
No *Cat* or *kittens*.”

“ Fair prices!—monopoly provokes.”

“ The public are arbitrators—*no houx*.”

“ John Bull’s opposition  
Is against imposition.”

There were some hundreds too in prose,  
But I must overlook all those.  
To please my friend, I, at this time,  
Think proper to adhere to rhyme.  
Some of the prose ones were so, so,  
But others very good, I know.

---

\* This was very properly rendered an Alexandrine line, as it is more expressive of the *magnitude* of the revolution.



By all our wags it is confest  
*The House that Jack built* was the best ;  
But to dissect this, would of course,  
Diminish both its wit and force ;  
Then underneath, by way of note,  
The whole, *verbatim*, I shall quote.\*

---

\* THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

“ This is the house that JACK built.

“ These are the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

“ These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

“ This is the CAT, engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

“ This is JOHN BULL with a *bugle-horn*, who hissed the CAT engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

“ This is the *thief-taker*, shaven and shorn, that took up JOHN BULL with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the CAT engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great* that visit the house that JACK built.

“ This is the *manager*, full of scorn, who raised the *prices* to the people forlorn, and directed the *thief-taker*,

Long before nine o'clock, my friend,  
 The play and farce were at an end ;  
 It was'nt, however, John Bull's desire  
 So very early to retire :  
 Therefore the orators began—  
 The first—an Irish gentleman ;  
 Who such a *botheration* made,  
 I cannot tell you what he said ;  
 Nor does it signify, indeed,  
 For what he said you wou'd not read.

This dreadful tumult, it appears,  
 Had quickly reached Lord DARTMOUTH's ears ;  
 Who fearing this disquietude  
 In a rebellion might conclude,  
 Sent word, that if they did'n't make peace  
 With Johnny Bull, the plays mus't cease ;  
 So Kemble cuter'd, much distress'd,  
 And thus the audience he address'd :—  
 “ Ladies and gentlemen, 'tis said,  
 (And therefore I your anger dread)  
 That to insult has been my aim,  
 For which indeed I'd be to blame ;

---

shaven and shorn, to take up JOHN BULL with his  
*bugle-horn*, who hissed the CAT engaged to squall to the  
*poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes*, let to the *great*  
 that visit the house that JACK built.      Bow Wow !”

Can I deserve this imputation,  
When I have, for your approbation,  
These five and twenty years toil'd hard,  
T' assure you of my high regard?"

Now murmurs rose among the crowd—  
*Come to the point*, they cried aloud.  
"I beg you'll hear what I've to say—  
All our accounts we mean to lay  
'Fore a committee."—"Who are they?"

They call aloud. "Men of renown—  
Impartial judges for the town."  
*No Catalani*, now they cry.  
"To that I'll presently reply—  
Sirs, Mr. Harris did conceive  
'Twou'd general satisfaction give,  
Italian airs being the rage,  
This lady for our boards t' engage;  
Yes, gentlemen, his zeal was such,  
That for your sakes he ventur'd much;  
But finding that the plan intended  
Instead of pleasing had offended,  
Th' affair has seriously been weigh'd,  
And by all parties 'tis agreed  
That, though the articles were sign'd,  
'Tis better they shou'd be declin'd."

This part of the address produc'd  
Applause—the rest was *goos'd*.

The tumult did again prevail—  
 Many were seized and held to bail,  
 For want of which some went to jail :  
 At length the company withdrew,  
 And bade the managers adieu  
 For a whole week and days a few :  
 So if we rightly weigh the case,  
 It was an armistice took place.

And now did our young poets seem  
 Delighted with the present theme—  
 To celebrate this week's contention  
 They exercis'd all their invention ;  
 And many an ode and pasquinade  
 The daily newspapers display'd ;  
 But that which greatest credit gain'd,  
 The *Morning Chronicle* contain'd—  
 A song, call'd the *NEW CHEVY CHACE*,  
 Which here, I think, deserves a place.



God prosper long our noble KING,  
 Our cash and comforts all,  
 In Covent-Garden, while I sing,  
 The row that did befall.

To chase the CAT with howl and horn  
 JOHN BULL went to the play ;  
 And though she laughed him to scorn,  
 I trow he won the day.

THE KEMBLEs, HARRIS, SON, and CO.

Did vow to God—God willing—  
That for GRIMALKIN and their show  
They'd touch—the *other shilling*!

For they a theatre had made,  
This famous CAT to squall in;  
With "*Annua Boxes*" for the trade  
No doubt of caterwalling;

JOHN's native Drama to undo,  
With foreign airs and vices—  
And so they e'en inpos'd *their New*,  
And banish'd his "*Old Prices*."

Their *bowmen* bold from Bow-street brought,  
All chosen . . . of might—  
Resolv'd to stuff down JOHNNY's throat,  
Their prices—wrong or right.

But JOHN, whose skull with brains is cramm'd,  
Their schemes did soon unriddle,  
"And if I have, may I be damn'd,  
(Quoth he) your *Cat* and *Fiddle*!

"What! think you me to tax and gull,  
"For building *this here house*!  
"Or thinks a *Cat* to catch JOHN BELL—  
"Just as she'd catch a mouse?

"Your modesty, upon my soul,  
"Much with the ton increases,  
"That fain wou'd cram *each pigeon-hole*  
"With *seven-shilling pieces*!

" No, no—it will no' do, *Black JACK*,  
 " It shall not do, by jingo;  
 " *Old plays and prices we'll have back*,  
 " And no outlandish lingo!"

The orchestra struck up in vain,  
*Macbeth* and wife were hi-s'd!  
 And " *Birnam V'god to Dunsinane*"  
 Unnotic'd pass'd, I wist.

For " *banners on the outward wall*,"  
 The tyrant had no use—  
 Their scrolls within so thick did fall,  
 Though ne'er a *flag o' truce*!

On Monday first the row begun,  
 Or call it what you may,  
 'Tis certain they kept up the fun  
 Until the Saturday.

The actors ran through every scene,  
 As fast as they cou'd go—  
 As it a pantomime had been,  
 Or eke, a puppet show.

And though the people that were there  
 Most loud did roar and rage,  
 Their backsides all, with special care,  
 Were turn'd upon the stage.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,  
 For word you could not hear—  
 (Except the speech of *Mister Leagh*)  
 A tragedy so queer.

To *catgut*, *cat-cal!* did-reply,  
 With bell and bugle brazen!  
 And all *the gods*, that sat on high,  
 Help'd out the diapason.

Yet bides JACK KEMBLE on the bent,  
 A Don of thorough blood;  
 With *atches* though his head was rent,  
 Firm as a mule he stood.

"Show me," said he, "*what 'tis you want?*  
 "*What want ye here?*" he cried—  
 "We neither want your CAT or *cant*,"  
 Our Englishman replied.

"Our *notes*, for her's you shan't command;  
 "And for her pipe, perdie,  
 "We trust we'll be within the land  
 "*I've hundred good as she!*"

With that there came a glorious roar,  
 Of rattles and of row-sticks;  
 As such there never did before,  
 Confound the *catacousticks!*

Then look'd our manager, I trow,  
 Like one in doleful dumps;  
 His pride was humbled to a bow,  
 Almost upon his stumps.

As thus he said—"At length I yield,  
 "You've got what you have wish'd;  
 "You've won, JONNY BULL, you've won the field,  
 "And so—the *Cat is dish'd!*"

God save the King, and bless the land,  
Our liberties and laws,  
And thus may Britons ever stand,  
United in their cause.

I'll not intrude now on your patience,  
With any trivial observations,  
For since to arms there is a truce,  
Of further writing where's the use?  
No—observations I had better  
Keep in reserve for my next letter,  
As a great deal I'll have to tell,  
'Till when,  
My dearest friend,  
Farewel.



## LETTER VII.

(IN CONTINUATION)

SOME days expiring—about ten—  
The *theatre of war* was then



Thrown open, and John Bull incensed,  
Hostilities again commenc'd—  
The managers had advertis'd  
That their accounts had been revis'd  
By a committee, who saw plain,  
'They cou'd not have sufficient gain  
If the old prices did remain.  
And now to authorise their claim,  
Each o' th' committee sign'd his name  
To this preposterous report,  
Of which the public made rare sport.  
Five gentlemen form'd this committee,  
Viz. the Recorder of the City,\*  
His Majesty's Solicitor,†  
The Bank of England's Governor,‡  
'Squire Angerstein and Sir Charles Price;  
And this they 'maged would suffice.  
Ere this though, Messrs. Hughes and Tull,  
In hopes to silence Mr. Bull,  
A solemn affidavit made,  
That the accounts were, which they'd laid  
'Fore the committee—"faithful, true,  
And perfect." All this would not do,

---

\* John Sylvester, Esq.

† Sir Thomas Plomer.

‡ John Whitmore, Esq.

Again, the *managers* in vain  
 The public strove to entertain—  
 And now they play'd (October four)  
 The *Beggar's Opera*, midst a roar.  
 In vain did Mr. Kemble try  
 The angry folk to pacify—  
 They were not now inclin'd t' espouse  
 His courteous action—graceful bows—  
 Most hideous jarring sounds ensued,  
 And orange-peels the stage bestrew'd.  
 The op'ra ended thus unheeded,  
 And then a boxing match succeeded.  
 The farce, *Is he a Prince?* too shar'd  
 An equal fate—it was not heard.  
 A few placards now struck the sight,  
 “The comedy *John Bull*, to-night;  
 Dancing and tumbling by the troop,  
 And then the farce of *Who's the Dupe?*”

“*He that is greedy after gain,  
 Disturbeth his own house 'tis plain.*”  
 “Pie! managers—why thus dissemble?”  
 “The case—*John Bull versus John Kemble*,  
 Having been left to arbitration,  
 By which, to plaintiff's great vexation,  
 A verdict the defendant won—  
 The plaintiff, griev'd by what is done,

Resolves thereby not to abide,  
But moves that it be set aside."

"No private boxes for intrigues;  
Remove those nuisances—those plagues."

At ten the play and farce were finish'd,  
The noise in some degree diminish'd.  
Kemble was call'd—he came—he bow'd :  
"Ladies and gentlemen,"—(*Speak loud*)  
"We've laid all our accounts before  
Five worthy gentlemen"—(*No more!*  
*Yes—hear him! hear him out!—fair play;*  
*Attend to what he has to say*).

"From these our papers it appears  
We have been losers for ten years—  
Cou'd we avoid the prices new,  
'Twou'd be our pleasure so to do.  
It is necessity. . . ." (*Vile stuff!*  
*'Twill never do—Off! Off! enough!*)  
As arguments he found were vain,  
He bow'd and took his leave again.

A speech some gentleman then spoke,  
Which did not much applause provoke.  
The galleries seem'd highly treated  
With all the noise—the pit they greeted  
With loud huzzas—all, all, I vow,  
Their lungs exerted in the row.

The private boxes were abused—  
 Those in them of intrigues accus'd,  
 And every shameful language us'd.  
 On them the *pillars* freely vented  
 Their indignation—then, contented,  
 They all broke up—they disappear'd,  
 And 'bout elev'n the house was clear'd.

The time now of consideration,  
 Employ'd in this investigation,  
 Was, I am told (but pray don't laugh),  
 That of a whole day and a half.  
 One of the newspapers though says,  
 It occupied full three whole days.  
 If three whole weeks ere the report,  
 That time I should have thought was short.

The managers now judg'd it right  
 To play but ev'ry second night ;  
 Thus the Lyceum had a chance—  
 The prices here had no advance.  
 And here the people came to view  
 Of Drury-Lane the residue.  
 Yes, residue—the best were gone,  
 No Bannister ! no Elliston !  
 Their places now, alas ! were fill'd  
 By poor performers—men unskill'd ;  
 But quiet gentlefolk, you know,  
 To Covent-Garden would not go.

They shunn'd a theatre of strife,  
For who that's wise would risque his life?  
So went to see—there was no danger—  
A wretched piece, or *Melvin's Ranger*.

And now they for October six  
*John Bull* and the *Poor Soldier* fix.  
The managers, by hand-bills, strove  
The town's objections to remove.  
They advertis'd that the interior  
Of the new house was far superior  
Unto the old, or Drury-lane—  
More room cou'd visitors obtain  
Now in the boxes—in the pit  
They more commodiously cou'd sit—  
The galleries, they made appear,  
Were now by sev'ral feet more near—  
The stage—*ergo*—to see and hear  
They cou'd much better; though they tell,  
They cannot see and hear so well!  
*John Bull* these declarations read,  
But smil'd thereat and shook his head.  
That they were true he'd not allow,  
And so kick'd up another row.  
'Twas an occasional uproar,  
And not so furious as before,

During the play I heard some words,  
But no whole sentence from the boards.\*  
The pit display'd a curious sight,  
For 'bout three hundred Jews that night  
Had kept possession of the rows—  
All warriors, who, by their blows,  
Give a black eye or bloody nose.  
But though these men take great delight in  
Knocking down, cuffing, sparring, fighting,  
The Christians on the Public's side  
*Mendoza's* scholars now defy'd.  
Before on benches they ne'er fought,  
So all their skill availed nought.  
The victory was still John Bull's,  
Who broke some ribs and crack'd some skulls.  
After some further skill displaying,  
Some groaning, shouting, and huzzaing—  
Some speechifying—some placards,  
(Containing threats more than rewards)  
Some gross abuse (not to be nam'd)  
Against the private boxes aim'd—  
They rose up, and, the signal given,  
All left the playhouse at eleven.  
The Israelites were sorely griev'd,  
They such a beating had receiv'd—

---

\* i. e. the stage.

From Christian dogs too—there's the curse—  
It made the beating ten times worse.

And now they vow'd, th' ensuing week,  
That ample vengeance they wou'd seek :

But what the Hebrew tribe befel

My next shall show—till when

*Farewel!*

---

## LETTER VIII.

(IN CONTINUATION)

THE managers now thought they might

As well keep open every night.

'Twas policy—for now, thought they,

The mal-conceits will soon give way.

The war cannot be long maintain'd :

Their pockets will be shortly drain'd.

These were their hopes—they were mistaken-

Their courage was not to be shaken :

But they resolv'd they would not meet

Until a little after eight.

Hostilities, by this advice,

Were oft delay'd till the half price.

*King Richard* on the ninth was play'd—

A moderate noise at first was made :

But three acts o'er, it fiercer grew—  
At length a very tempest blew.  
The farce in title well agreed—  
*Raising the Wind*—'twas rais'd indeed !  
The Jews assembled in the pit—  
Together in a ring they sit.  
The best of seats they occupied—  
With *orders* they had been supplied ;  
For the box-keeper, as they say,  
Those free admissions gave away.  
He issued *orders* 'gainst John Bull—  
Mendoza had a pocket full.  
These sons of Israel were sent,  
The show of libels to prevent—  
Their pugilistic skill employ,  
And infamous placards destroy—  
But were unequal to the foe,  
Who without mercy press'd them so,  
Not one of them could aim a blow—  
And while the Hebrews thus were squeez'd,  
The Christians did whate'er they pleas'd—  
Bestow'd upon them knocks and kicks,  
And made them also feel their sticks.  
It seems a *hero of the fist*  
The Christian party did assist—



A man of very great renown,  
Whose title is—*Jemmy from Town* :  
A beaver white adorn'd his head,  
Which universal terror spread—  
And wheresoe'er the battle raged,  
The valiant *Jemmy* was engaged—  
And now placards in spite were shown,  
To tell the pleasure of the town.

“ The partial edict of a few  
Will for the public never do.”

“ An English audience has, I ween,  
A right to see and to be seen.”

“ The stage's law the stage's patrons give,  
And those who live to please, must please to  
live.”

“ Let's persevere—the cause we'll get—”  
“ Here private boxes are to let—  
Where to intrigue you may assemble—  
For sake of Messrs. H —, K——.  
Of this assured though you may be,  
There's no connection with the KEY.”  
The figure of a key made good  
The word—by which was understood  
A house in Chandos-street, well known,  
Which had been lately burnt down.

One of these hung awhile suspended,  
And nobly was with clubs defended.  
Th' assailants now receiv'd hard knocks,  
Who tried to take it from the box.  
But 'midst the scuffle it was torn,  
And fragments off in triumph borne.  
The worthy catchpoles lent their aid,  
And half a dozen prisoners made.  
Away they dragg'd them to Bow-street,  
The sitting magistrates to meet,  
Where, without bail, was no retreat.

And now a gentleman thought fit  
To cut a figure in the pit.  
Having stood up—he groan'd—he hiss'd,  
And 'gainst the Hebrews shook his fist—  
His friends around he then address'd  
In language not the very best :—  
“ To Bow-street I expect, bye and bye,  
To go—but not a pin care I—  
No—here's my bail—who cares, my boys?—  
Let them be d—d, we'll make a noise.”  
These words afforded great delight,  
And still he groan'd with all his might.  
As printed bills about were thrown,  
He stoop'd, and having pick'd up one,  
Which was a parody upon

God save the King—this gentleman  
To sing it loudly thus began :—

“ God save great Johnny Bull,  
Long live our noble Bull,  
God save John Bull—  
Make him *uproarious*  
With lungs like Boreas,  
Till he's victorious,  
God save John Bull.

“ O Johnny Bull be true,  
Oppose the *prices new*,  
And make them fall ;  
Curse Kemble's politics,  
Frustrate his knavish tricks,  
On thee our hopes we fix,  
Confound them all !

“ No *private boxes* let  
Intriguing ladies get—  
Thy right John Bull ;  
From little *pigeon-holes*  
Defend us jolly souls.  
And we will sing by goles,  
God save John Bull !”

Indeed, this little piece of wit  
Was highly relish'd by the pit.—  
Nay, all the house—I understand,  
The singing of the song was plann'd ;  
Be that, however, as it may,  
They then rose up to go away ;  
And three loud cheers now being given,  
They left the house about eleven.  
Part of the *Woodman* now I saw here,  
October ten—the *Village Lawyer*  
Was 'mid confusion represented—  
All hearing then the noise prevented ;  
For not till the half price were in  
Did the hostilities begin.  
At first, indeed, each word was heard,  
And every actor loudly cheer'd.  
Some of the songs too were encor'd,  
Soon after though they hiss'd and roar'd—  
But till the mal-contents came in,  
The house indeed was very thin.  
The Jews now added to th' uproar ;  
They were admitted as before.  
This vex'd John Bull—he rais'd a shout  
Of *turn the fighting Hebrews out !*  
On the placards too now they wrote,  
“ John Bull the fighting Hebrews smote.”

The tribe could not conceal their spleen—  
They tore the bills with great chagrin ;  
And ANDREWS now dispers'd about  
A hand-bill,\* stating—" Without doubt,  
The Jews had *orders* for the pit,  
Which could be prov'd, if 'twas deem'd fit."  
He by the constables was maul'd,  
To Bow-street in an instant haul'd ;  
The sitting magistrate to face,  
Where Mr. Brandon took his place,  
And swore that all the words, he knew,  
In the said hand-bill were not true.  
A good defence the prisoner made—  
Delivering hand-bills was his trade.

---

\* The following is a correct copy of this hand-bill :

" MENDOZA AND KEMBLE.

" It is a notorious fact that the managers of Covent Garden Theatre have both yesterday and to-day furnished DANIEL MENDOZA, the fighting Jew, with a prodigious number of PIT ORDERS for Covent-Garden Theatre, which he has distributed to DUTCH SAM, and such other of the pugilistic tribe as would attend, and engage to assault every person who had the courage to express their disapprobation of the managers' attempt to ram down the NEW PRICES.

" This shameful abuse in the managers shall be proved to the satisfaction of

" THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN."

October 10, 1809.

At such hard times he was not willing  
 To lose the earning of a shilling.  
 Yet many thought, and think so still,  
 That every word of the said bill  
 Was true—nay, some presum'd to say,  
 That B——N th' *orders* gave away.

Now precious skirmishes arose,  
 Placards they ventured still t' expose ;  
 'The principal of which were those :

“ Lads in the pit

Never submit.”

“ The *Times* and *Post* are bought and  
 sold

'To Kemble's pride and Kemble's gold.”

The next night I both heard and saw  
 'Three acts of Colman's *Heir at Law*—  
 The farce was neither heard nor seen,  
 Which was the *Padlock* to have been.  
 The Jewish boxers (sure I am)  
 Were there, and at their head DUTCH SAM.  
 It certainly must be confess'd,  
 The managers were much distress'd,  
 When thus Mendoza's aid they courted,  
 And to such paltry means resorted.  
 With vocal music they engag'd  
 As usual—the tempest rag'd—

So manfully they exercis'd  
Their lungs—indeed you'd be surpris'd ;  
For instrumental music they  
Thought proper now aside to lay—  
'T' exhibit bills they did persist,  
But few of them did long exist.  
They, notwithstanding, help'd the fuss,  
And some of them I think ran thus :  
“ The Post runs down John Bull's placards,  
To aid John Kemble's Jew blackguards.”  
“ John Bull, defy the ruffian throng,  
Thou know'st they cannot touch thy tongue.”  
“ Oppose, boys, Shylock and his crew.”  
“ We'll have fair play—fair prices too.”  
The catchpoles strive to be expert,  
But find the lads are too alert,  
For to the pit they boldly leap,  
And at a proper distance keep—  
'Thus did they play at *hide and seek*,  
While orators rose up to speak.  
A fair her talents too display'd,  
But heaven knows, sir, what she said !  
Some to the magistrate were brought,  
To be by G . . . . M *manners* taught.  
The magistrate observ'd indeed,  
How vile, disturbances to breed !

The riots which had taken place  
Were wicked, infamous, and base,  
And to the town a great disgrace.  
He then demanded heavy bail,  
And several were sent to jail—  
For not a moment he'd abide,  
Until the bail they could provide.

Large bills next morning posted were,  
From Bow-street office—to declare,  
All rioters should punish'd be  
With scrupulous severity.  
Ah! magistrates, this would'n't do,  
John Bull knows law as well as you.

*Love in a Village*, the next night,  
At the beginning gave delight—  
The harmony however ceas'd,  
And discord very soon encreas'd.  
Such notes resounded, shrill and fierce,  
That ev'ry ear they needs must pierce.  
No farce was heard—the arts employ'd,  
*Animal Magnetism* destroy'd.  
The Jews some hearty drubbings bore,  
Though not so numerous as before—  
Placards, as usual, were spread,  
'Mong which the following I read :



“ O ! Bish for ever,  
Mendoza never !”

“ Foul means will never silence BULL.”

“ A long pull, a strong pull, a pull  
Altogether.”

And thus we see  
Went on the battle of O. P.  
October thirteen—*Speed the Plough* ;  
They play’d the farce *Rosina* now.  
The scene this evening was the same—  
No tumult ’till the half price came.  
To hang up bills some proudly try’d,  
But those on Mr. Kemble’s side  
Demolish’d them with equal pride.

’Twas the *Poor Gentleman* the play,  
Which was announc’d for Saturday—  
The farce, if I be not mistaken,  
Was to have been the *Flitch of Bacon* ;  
At the beginning all was quiet,  
But afterwards came on the riot :  
Numerous bills were now display’d,  
Of which I this selection made.  
“ Every night our voice we’ll raise,  
To Kemble’s shame and Britain’s praise.”  
“ When zeal’s display’d in a good cause,  
It then deserves the town’s applause.”

“ Our motto this—Conquer or die !”

“ To Kemble this is Bull’s reply—  
Pit *three and sixpence*—It must be.”

“ No Israelites here let us see.”

“ Brave Britons, never quit the field,  
Until the foe is forc’d to yield.”

I also saw a prose placard,  
Which on the magistrates bore hard.  
In language plain it signify’d  
Th’ enormous bail folk must provide,  
If they were seen to laugh or hiss,  
For this it seems they took amiss ;  
Yes, I am told a person was  
Committed for this harmless cause,  
By these protectors of the laws :—  
He laugh’d, and where the harm of this ?  
What harm ev’n had it been a hiss ?  
But Brandon said (you’ll think indeed  
That I veracity exceed)  
He said ’twas an *unnatural* laugh—  
Of course too violent by half.

Thus pass’d a week—your pardon then  
If I awhile lay down the pen.

## LETTER IX.

(IN CONTINUATION)

AGAIN they hooted, hiss'd, and storm'd,  
Though COOKE *Richard the Third* perform'd.  
Much sooner than they did before,  
Commenc'd, it seems, their wild uproar :  
'Twas Monday night—at such a time  
The lads for sport are in their prime.  
To Cooke they paid but little heed,  
And to the *Farmer* less indeed.  
The *Jews*, the managers' allies,  
Had prov'd themselves a little wise—  
Their seats they to the *Gentiles* yield,  
For they had quitted now the field.  
The catchpoles too, call'd the *kill-joys*,  
Seem'd rather fearful of the boys ;  
So the *placardists*, undismay'd,  
The following large bills display'd.  
“ Genius of Britain, espouse our cause,  
Free us from Kemble and Jewish laws.”  
“ By ruffian Jews assaulted,  
By managers with scorn view'd,  
By thief-takers ill-treated—  
But John Bull will not be subdu'd.”

The following, I surely right am,  
Vex'd some—"Kemble *versus* Bull—*Qui tam*.

"Mendoza to fight,  
Brandon to swear,  
John Bull in the right,  
'Therefore don't care."  
"For in spite of thief-takers,  
Or magisterial power,  
If the people prove true,  
Their prices they must lower."

But that which on the present night  
The greatest tumult did excite,  
Was one with funeral devices—  
"Here lies the body of Old Prices!"  
A coffin this inscription grac'd;  
On the reverse was also plac'd—  
"Old Prices or no play!—John Bull  
Be free——"

This placard, down to pull,  
The catchpoles strove, but fail'd through fear;  
'Twas thrown up to the second tier,  
There fasten'd with great exultation,  
And to the constables' vexation  
All night did it retain its station.

Some of the heroes, did I see,  
Who in their beavers wore O. P.

These letters out of cards were cut,  
And in conspicuous places put.  
An orator to speak began,  
Who pass'd now for a midshipman.  
As such he highly was rever'd,  
And for his counsel loudly cheer'd.

On Tuesday 'twas the *Road to Ruin*,  
Which well agreed with what was doing—  
Their losses very plainly show'd  
The managers had ta'en this *road*.  
No mirth now *Peeping Tom* produc'd,  
Though smiles t' excite it often us'd.  
Placards were seen—applause they gain,  
But all were of the usual strain ;  
Yet one, my friend, I needs must mention,  
Because it was a strange invention—  
A man's head did they now expose,  
With spectacles upon his nose ;  
And in each eye-hole did I see  
The letter O, the letter P.

The midshipman, who spoke before,  
Now rose and utter'd something more :  
The officers he chanc'd to meet,  
Who quickly dragg'd him to Bow-street.  
This led to an examination,  
When it was prov'd, on this occasion,

That a false character he bore—  
A borrow'd dress too also wore—  
A counterfeit without a doubt ;  
In short, the midshipman turn'd out  
A *druggist's* clerk—what a strange whim !  
Th' exposure *wormwood* was to him.  
Another prisoner brought they strait  
Before the worthy magistrate :  
This was, indeed, a piteous case—  
She was a servant out of place,  
Who went, it seems, as well she might,  
To see the comedy that night.  
By and by into her lap was thrown  
A rattle, by a man unknown—  
A little plaything—a mere toy  
That's us'd by many a girl and boy.  
So, midst the din of dreadful battle,  
Poor Mary Austin sprung the rattle.  
The catchpoles, without loss of time,  
Now seiz'd her for this *heinous* crime :  
The magistrates began to rail,  
And told her, if she did'n't find bail,  
That moment to prison he'd commit her—  
Such were his words, severe and bitter.  
She wonder'd at this harsh decree,  
And well she might, no friend had she ;

A servant girl, forlorn, distress'd !  
All which she candidly confess'd.  
But ah ! her story was in vain,  
For though her statement was so plain—  
Though in a word she did not vary,  
To prison did he send poor Mary.  
A general topic this became—  
The managers got all the blame ;  
And odes thereon our poets wrote,  
But only one I thought of note—  
“ ‘The MANAGERS ’gainst MARY AUSTIN,’ ”  
Which readers’ eyes with tears did moisten.  
This ditty, which did credit win,  
The *Morning Chronicle* was in ;  
And, as it fully states the case,  
Must be inserted in this place.

---

“ A luckless damsel, out of place,  
To the new playhouse went ;  
On harmless pleasure for the night,  
Her mind was solely bent.

“ Among the gods her seat she took,  
And fearing no disgrace,  
Her eyes with pleasure beam’d on all,  
And sweetly smil’d her face.

“ The drama’s moral scene commenc’d,  
Teaching th’ instructive lesson,  
The “ Road to Ruin ” to avoid ;  
It fail’d in its impression.

“ Not on poor MARY’s simple mind,  
The moral she regarded ;  
But on the managers, from whom  
All sense seems quite discarded.

“ For, not content upon the stage  
The dang’rous road to shew,  
The same injurious course behind  
The scenes they still pursue.

“ The angry mind of sturdy JOHN  
They goad and irritate ;  
And ask him, “ What he wants ? ” forsooth,  
The question comes too late !

“ And soon, unless a ray of light  
Illumine their darken’d mind,  
To their own cost, repentance too,  
Will come too late, they’ll find ;—

“ For every night the contest grows  
More fierce in every part ;  
And JOHN’s stentorian lungs cannot  
Be stopp’d by force or art.



“ To persevere is childish too,  
And so poor Mary thought,  
And sprung an infant’s rattle, which  
Her swain with him had brought.

“ Amidst confusion’s wild uproar,  
And thundering applause,  
Poor MARY’S rattle’s faintly heard  
Mid Pandemonian noise.

“ A host of myrmidons rush forth,  
Equipp’d with law and clubs,  
Supported by a fighting band,  
And tribes of Jewish cubs.

“ The hostile phalanx plunge among  
A paltry coward crew—  
Drag forth the unresisting girl,  
Blushing, to public view.

“ As they retire, they proudly raise  
A trophy won in battle ;  
And shew the gaping multitude  
Poor MARY AUSTIN’S rattle !

“ Before a magistrate severe,  
Install’d in pomp and state,  
She pleads with artless innocence,  
And deprecates her fate.

“ No clemency he shews the maid,  
Whom no protection shields ;  
For her offence she must atone,  
And pine in Tothil-fields.

“ Indignantly she heard a doom  
That challenges belief !  
By which, for childish sport at most,  
She's punish'd like a thief !

“ As from the justice she withdrew,  
A blush suffus'd her cheek ;  
But not of guilt or conscious shame—  
No !—that in others seek.

“ She blush'd for those, whose steel-clad hearts  
The helpless prosecute,  
And send poor giddy girls to gaol,  
Because they can't be mute.

“ If foolish thus, ye managers,  
You fight your senseless battles,  
You'll be subdu'd with such arms yet,  
As children's penny rattles.”

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“ If foolish thus, ye managers,  
You fight your senseless battles,  
You'll be subdu'd with such arms yet,  
As children's penny rattles.”

The next night, friend, I went to see  
O'Keefe's *Wild Oats* and *Lock and Key* ;  
But such the discord, the shrill notes,  
It was, I found, JOHN BULL's *wild oats* ;  
And as to *lock and key*, 'tis said  
The magistrate the chief part play'd.  
The bills which several boxes deck'd  
Were to the following effect :—

“ The drama's laws are now abus'd,  
And Kemble's desperate band  
Of hired ruffians—ragged Jews,  
With him go hand in hand ”

“ The third floor of this house to let—  
Conveniences therewith you'll get.”

“ In former times, as was most fit,  
The laws did vagabonds commit ;  
'Tis *vice versa* now—because  
The vagabonds commit the laws.”

Cooke, on the nineteenth, gave us then his  
Arch Shylock i'th' *Merchant of Venice* ;  
But all in vain—the noise begins,  
And drowns the farce too of *Who Wins* ?  
Some bills were seen, but soon were torn—  
“ Cooke has our pity—Kemble scorn.”  
“ Though the Kembles may bless,  
We damn *The British Press*.”

Still several poor souls were seiz'd—  
The magistrates, still unappeas'd,  
Insisted on their finding bail,  
And those who could not, sent to gaol.  
But one they happen'd to lay hold on—  
Yes, an attorney,\* and a bold one,  
Who, when they talked of prosecuting,  
Because he had been hissing, hooting,  
Declar'd he'd seek for satisfaction,  
And against Harris bring an action.  
The magistrate, as usual, storm'd,  
But, finding he was well-inform'd,  
Drew in his horns—yes, when he saw  
He was a member of the law,  
He quickly order'd his discharge.  
Th' attorney, when he was at large,  
Resum'd the seat he had before,  
And hiss'd and hooted ten times more !

Next the *Duenna* they perform'd—  
At half price how they hiss'd and storm'd !  
The farce of *All the World's a Stage*  
Cou'd not be heard amidst their rage.  
Caricatures of Kemble's face  
Were shown in a conspicuous place,

---

\* Mr. Thomas.

Each certainly as large as his,  
And with a melancholy phiz.  
This droll inscription too had one—  
“ Pity my *aitches*,” writ thereon.  
And underneath another head,  
These Alexandrine lines I read :—  
“ It’s no wonder John Kemble shou’d cease to  
be civil—  
Set a beggar on horseback, he’ll ride to the  
devil.”

Some curious play-bills were invented :—  
“ To-morrow night will be presented,  
EMPTY BENCHES, and (by request)  
A HOUSE TO BE SOLD ! ’Mong the rest  
JOHN BULL VICTORIOUS.—John Bull by  
The public, who their skill will try.”  
A few placards too did I see,  
But only this attracted me :

“ When honest John’s imposed upon,  
No threats make him dissemble ;  
As he has conquer’d many a Don,  
He’ll conquer too John Kemble.”

On Saturday they play’d *Othello*—  
John Bull did rant the most and bellow,  
And of the farce—it is averr’d—  
*Is he a Prince ?* no part was heard.

For war continued still his reign,  
And this, 'mong other bills, was seen.

“ Nought, my lads, shall make us tremble,  
No—not the hired host and Kemble.”

‘Thus pass’d another week—and now  
Some time to rest your friend allow.



## LETTER X.

(IN CONTINUATION)

‘Twas *Woodman* on the twenty-third  
They play’d ; the contest, on my word,  
Encreas’d—and therefore it was right  
To give a pantomime that night—  
‘Twas *Oscar and Malvina*, friend,  
To which no person did attend.  
Some skirmishes now gave delight,  
For each, my friend, was a sham fight—  
And while they hiss, and shout, and groan,  
The following placards were shown :

“ Lads in the pit,  
Will it be fit,



To let our king's jubilee  
 King John's jubilee be ?  
 Be Britons still,  
 And rally we will,  
 On the twenty-sixth day—  
 Huzza ! huzza !”

“ What do you want ?  
 Old prices grant.  
 You must pay the new—  
 I'm d—d if I do.”

“ No *crim. con.* boxes let there be,  
 An English playhouse must be free ;  
 Old prices, or no play.”—“ Take care,  
 Of hired prize-fighters beware.”

And now began to sing great many,  
*God save the King*, and *Rule Britannia*.  
 Three cheers for John Bull gave the crew,  
 Three groans for Kemble did ensue,  
 Then to the house they bade adieu.

The *Iron Chest* was the next time,  
 Together with the pantomine.\*  
 Now an address, with flatt'ry mix'd,  
 To this day's playbills was affix'd—

---

\* *Oscar and Malvina*, as it had been the preceding night.

Which talk'd of the investigation,  
And of a *great* and *generous* nation;  
Which mention'd, with profound formality,  
The *wisdom, justice, liberality*  
Of English people, so *enlighten'd*;  
But which it seems led to no right end.  
John Bull already knew his merit,  
And was resolv'd to show his spirit.  
Some of the play indeed was heard—  
Charles Kemble in his part appear'd :  
The character of *Wilford* then,  
Which once was Bannister's; but when  
“ This is <sup>no</sup> house for me,” he cried,  
They laugh'd, and with “ *No! no!*” replied.

The tumult at half price began—  
(This, as I told you, was the plan)  
Placards were shown to all the pit:—  
“ King John shall to John Bull submit.”  
A car'ature of Kemble's face,  
Betok'ning rage, received a place ;  
And underneath was written on't—  
“ *I beg to know what is't you want ?*”

The *Man of the World* next they play'd,  
I little heard of what was said :  
As 'twas October *twenty-five*,  
A *Jubilee* they did contrive,

In honor of the day, and thus  
They thought to moderate the fuss ;  
But no, a greater noise ensu'd,  
They hiss'd, they groan'd, cough'd, sneez'd,  
halloo'd.

John Bull was not to be subdu'd  
By Dibdin's pen—*God save the King*  
The picce concluded ; this to sing  
The actors and the audience join'd,  
And all, for once, 'were of *one* mind.

*Laugh when you can*—as interlude,  
The *Jubilee*, and, to conclude,  
The pantomime was now repeated,  
Which with the same disdain was treated.  
The same for Thursday did they fix :  
'Twas now October, twenty-six.  
In the fifth act sprung up the breeze,  
And several display'd O. P's.  
As bills had now been found 'gainst seven,  
And as Mainwaring too had given  
A labour'd charge to the grand jury,  
They thought to silence John Bull's fury ;  
But no, more furious he became,  
For threats the brave can never tame.

On Friday, as a prelude, they  
The *Jubilee* thought fit to play ;

The managers, as it appear'd,  
Resolv'd this trifle shou'd be heard :  
It was :—no matter :—to proceed,  
For now I shall be brief indeed—  
The *Stratagem* did then ensue,  
And *Oscar and Malvina* too ;  
And now the noise seem'd to decrease,  
But not entirely to cease ;  
The managers had hopes of peace—  
They thought to triumph over Bull,  
But mark, the house was not near full.

The *Jubilee, School of Reform,*  
And *Raising the Wind* without a storm,  
On Saturday were heard and seen ;  
You'll ask, perhaps, what can this mean ?  
'Twas a manœuvre, a mere sham,  
Yes, friend, a most deceitful calm.  
Thus Bull impos'd upon the foe,  
As will my next epistle show ;  
But though the playhouse was so quiet,  
They in the streets kept up the riot—  
O. P. continually they roar,  
And write O. P. on every door :  
Ballads were written too, and sung,  
All the mobility among.

They chanted now the O. P. war,  
In Covent-Garden, Temple Bar ;  
Nay, every where both near and far.  
Then, with a specimen of these,  
I shall conclude now, if you please.

---

“ Come all you lads and you lasses fond of sport,  
And listen to my ditty, and hear but my report,  
For if in seeing pantomimes, it pleases your  
delight,  
Then haste to Covent Garden, it openeth to night.

#### CHORUS.

“ Then haste away unto the play, where you can  
quickly be,  
And by paying of a shilling this famous play-  
house see.

“ This noble building to be sure, has beauty  
without bounds,  
It cost upwards of one hundred and fifty thous-  
and pounds ;  
They’ve Madame Catalani there to open her  
wide throat,  
But to hear your foreign singers I would not  
give a groat :

So haste away unto the play, whose fame has  
    reach'd the skies,  
And when the Cat opens her mouth, oh ! how  
    she'll catch the flies.

“ You coblers lay by your awl, and taylors lay  
    by your thimble,  
Bricklayers, aye, and bakers too, and frisk  
    away so nimble,  
All trades agree, advis'd by me, for once leave  
    off your slaving,  
And barbers lay your razors by, for once leave off  
    your shaving ;  
And haste away unto the play, each merry heart-  
    ed soul, [hole.  
For by giving of a shilling you'll get a pigeon-  
Come then all you jolly lads who are anxious to  
    be pleas'd,  
And all you pretty lasses who're willing to be  
    squeez'd,  
For there will be such crowding at three o'clock  
    they say ;  
But killing is no murder, they allow it now a day :  
    So haste away unto the play,  
    You'll surely find the door,  
For they've rais'd the pit and boxes,  
    But that can't hurt the poor.”

## KING JOHN IN A COCK'D HAT.

JOHN KEMBLE he would an acting go,  
    Heigho ! says Kemble ;  
He rais'd the price, which he thought too low,  
Whether the public would let him or no,  
    With his rowley powley, gammon and  
    spinnage,  
And " Oh !" says Manager Kemble.

The mob at the door made a mighty din,  
    Heigho ! says Kemble ;  
They dash'd like devils thro' thick and thin,  
And over the benches came tumbling in,  
    With rowley, &c.  
" 'Twill do," says manager Kemble.

Soon as they pass'd Bill Shakspeare's hall,  
    Heigho ! says Kemble ;  
They thought the lobbies were much too small,  
So they gave a loud roar, and they gave a loud  
    bawl,  
    With their rowley, &c.  
" Hallo !" says Manager Kemble.

“Pray what do you want?” (in a sort of a huff)

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

Says Mr. Leigh, “ Nonsensical stuff, [enough,”

“ Pugh ! none of your gammon, you know well

With your rowley, &c.

“ O dear !” says Manager Kemble. -

He held by the tip of his opera hat,

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

“ Indeed the concern is as poor as a rat.”

Says John Bull, “ No, damme, we don’t stand  
that,”

With our rowley, &c.

’Twont do, great Manager Kemble.

He folded his arms in a sad nonplus,

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

With Queen Anne’s acts he made a fuss :

Says Bull, “ What the devil’s Queen Anne to us ?”

With her rowley, &c.

’Twont do, great Manager Kemble.

He swore to himself, an oath by Styx,

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

Kind ladies and gentlemen, none of your tricks,

I love seven shillings much better than six,

With my rowley, &c.

“ I do,” says Manager Kemble.



Then warr'd the gallery, gentle souls,

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

“ No private boxes, no pigeon-holes,

“ We'll douse your glims in a crack, by goles,”

With rowley, &c.

“ Pray don't !” says Manager Kemble.

“ I can't those private boxes rob,”

Heigho ! says Kemble ;

With Lord O'Straddle I drink hob and nob,

And I'm hand and glove with my Lord Thin-  
gumbob,

With his rowley, &c.

“ I am,” says Manager Kemble.



## LETTER XI.

(IN CONTINUATION)

Of forty-one bills, I assure you,

Which were presented the grand jury,

They found but twelve—all those that hiss'd,

Talk'd, hooted, whistl'd, they dismiss'd :

Of course near thirty were enlarg'd,  
And Mary Austin was discharg'd.  
John Bull saw safely how to act—  
For this he waited, 'tis a fact.  
' On Monday now I went to see  
The *Grecian Daughter*—*Jubilee*,  
And *Flitch of Bacon*.—Mr. Cooke  
To speak a prologue undertook—  
This tended to renew the war,  
And make them more outrageous far ;  
For when that Mr. Cooke began,  
'Twas thus the ill-judg'd couplet ran :

“ Though hostile rage so long within these walls  
Has rais'd a tempest that each heart appals.”

&c. &c. &c.

This seem'd t' imply, upon my word,  
'Tranquillity was now restor'd.  
But soon John Bull show'd it was not,  
He was more furious now—more hot—  
He groan'd and whistled, hiss'd and hooted,  
For now his right cou'dn't be disputed ;  
In short a tempest rais'd withal,  
That every heart might well appal ;  
Then saw the managers, misguided,  
That hostile rage had not subsided.

“ The Devil's black,  
And so is Jack.”

“ Be Britons still, both true and brave,  
And ne'er to Jew or Kemble slave.”  
The parties now were signaliz'd  
By shouts and groans—all methodiz'd.  
The former which were for the KING,  
CLIFFORD and SCOTT—made all parts ring—  
The groans which were for BRANDON, KEMBLE,  
MAINWARING too—made all parts tremble.

The *Grecian Daughter*, I remember,  
Was on the second of November—  
With which was play'd the *Turnpike Gate*,  
The riot being still as great.

As many O. P.'s as before,  
As many hand-bills, if not more.

“ In preparation—new editions  
Of fam'd placards with some additions.”

“ Shall John Bull ever fear and tremble,  
At th' voice of John Philip Kemble ?

Ha, ha, ha !”—A person was told  
By constables his tongue to hold,  
But thus he answer'd very bold :

“ No — I'm John Bull — to show you my  
sense,

I for my tongue took out a licence,

And I will use it.”—In this mood  
John Bull up in the boxes stood,  
And manfully began to roar,  
“ The prices shall be as before !”

They next perform’d *A Cure for the Heart-*  
*ache,*

When Jones did Mr. Lewis’ part take—  
*Oscar* moreover was repeated,  
And with loud groans and hisses greeted—  
“ Ministers of grace defend us !”  
The riot now became tremendous,  
Abundance of sham fights took place,  
And in the pit was many a race.  
Some fifty O. P. hats were sported,  
To loyal songs they then resorted.  
The O. P.’s occupied the pit ;  
In the front row they chose to sit ;  
And when Young Rapid in the play,  
Exclaim’d “ Push on, keep moving,” they  
Push’d on indeed the ev’ning’s riot,  
And kept their lungs in motion by it.  
Placards were shown, some stale indeed,  
And some not proper you should read.  
One though deserves to be here quoted,  
They say too Mr. Clifford wrote it.

That saying though may be erroneous—

A parody 'tis on *Ausonius* :

“ Since potent hisses prove the public mind,  
Which has of late been of the hissing kind—  
Let those hiss now who never hiss'd before,  
And those who've always hiss'd now hiss the more.”

A precious noise indeed they made,  
And method was throughout display'd ;  
First for John Bull a loud huzza,  
A groan for Kemble then gave they—  
And lastly, sir, a clap for those  
Who occupied the *private* rows.  
The brave O. P.'s then in a throng,  
Perform'd a dance, and then a song—  
These evolutions done, they left  
Their seats, of coverings bereft—  
And marching home, as I have heard,  
The *Morning Chronicle* they cheer'd ;  
The *Morning Post* they groan'd—in short,  
It was a night of glorious sport.

The *Græcian Daughter* and *Review*,  
Were next perform'd by Harris' crew—  
And though the house was very thin,  
The noise did very soon begin.

But when it was half after eight,  
The hurly-burly then was great.  
For rattles, trumpets, every lad  
In boxes, pit, and gall'ries had.  
O. P.'s in plenty did I view  
In silver, some with ribbons blue.  
They also did placards exhibit,  
And figures too of many a gibbet.  
Yes, my dear friend, they went so far as  
To hang poor Kemble and poor Harris—  
And underneath each effigy  
Was—*This is for Monopoly.*  
Of the placards I'll mention two,  
Adhering only to the new—  
“ Though Kemble bows to many a strumpet,  
He starts now at a penny trumpet.”  
Th' other a list of names contain'd,  
From whom subscriptions had been gain'd :  
For a subscription, you must know,  
Had open'd been some days ago,  
In order to support th' O. P.'s,  
Whom constables were pleas'd to seize :  
And great were now the contributions  
T' avert the threatened prosecutions.  
But every one who gave a crown,  
Or a pound note, therewith put down

Sarcastic words—as thus—you see—  
“ A foe to base monopoly,  
A crown.”—“ A foe to every Don,  
One pound.”—“ An enemy to John  
And vile oppression, one pound one.”  
This list on managers bore hard,  
And form’d this evening’s best placard.  
They jeer’d the private boxes so,  
The ladies were oblig’d to go.  
And having spar’d and made a fuss,  
The entertainments ended thus.  
The streets they, as before, paraded,  
And enemies with groans degraded.  
Indeed not only at this late time,  
But I assure you in the day-time.  
It was in every place the theme—  
The press did with fresh ballads teem ;  
Which ditties were to folks a treat,  
In every alley, lane, and street.  
A few of these, as they hereafter  
May serve my friend to promote laughter,  
By way of *postscript* I subjoin—  
But pray don’t think that they are mine.  
And now—for I’m exhausted nearly,  
I must conclude with  
Your’s sincerely.

## KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

JOHNNY, leave the pit alone,  
Let them crack their wit alone ;  
Can't you let them sit alone,  
Let 'em sing O. P.

Why with lawyers fagging 'em,  
Up to Bow-street dragging 'em,  
BRANDON aims at gagging 'em,  
More the blockhead he.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,  
Let 'em crack their wit alone  
Can't you let 'em sit alone,  
Let 'em sing O. P.

Other measures try at, O !  
Let the house be quiet, O !  
Coughing is not riot, O !  
Valiant boys are we.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,  
Let 'em crack their wit alone ;  
Can't you let 'em sit alone,  
Let 'em sing O. P.

Despotism French is, O !  
O. P. lads and wenches, O !



Gallop o'er the benches, O!

Trip it merrily.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,

Let 'em crack their wit alone ;

Can't you let 'em sit alone,

Let 'em sing O. P.

Now lead down the middle, O !

Foot it to the fiddle, O !

Fol de dol de diddle, O !

Shout, my boys, O. P.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,

Let 'em crack their wit alone ;

Can't you let 'em sit alone,

Let 'em sing O. P.



## BRITONS AND KING JOHN.

You've heard of John Kemble, the king of the  
stage,

Who has put JOHN BULL in a terrible rage,

About his new playhouse, built up in a trice,

But he could not content himself with the Old  
Price.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

To raise private boxes, he had been at great pains,  
Thinking it might answer his own private gains;  
But the public deceived him, as quickly you'll  
see,

For they swore the price should still be O. P.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

Do you think we'll submit, says JOHN BULL, no  
never, [ever;  
Not while we are supported by CLIFFORD, for  
We fear not your boxers, nor your Bow-street  
rats,

Who arrest people that wear the O. P. in their  
hats.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

So, *King John*, you had better take my advice,  
And make no resistance, but lower the price;  
If their favors you'd gain, as you have done  
before,

Quickly lower the price, and their pardon im-  
plore.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

So managers all, take a warning, and tremble,  
Least you share the same fate of *Manager Kemble*;  
Don't think of *New Prices*, or else do you see,  
You may chance to meet with the ghost of O. P.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

## KEMBLE, HARRIS, AND CO.

In September, Jack open'd his mighty fine house,  
Which he built, on presumption, the public to  
chouse ;

He it national call'd, yet his very first prank  
Was to engage an Italian to take the front rank.  
Derry down.

He next in his national booth, you all know,  
De-nationalized the very first row ;  
Nay, he bullied and swore to his master, John  
Bull,  
If you pop your nose there, sir, that nose we  
shall pull. Derry down.

This Jack such an insolent servant's become,  
That public opinion he treats as a hum ;  
Your displeasure and groans he regards as mere  
trash,  
And he spits in your face while he pockets your  
cash. Derry down.

He raises his price, while he sinks his respect,  
But his prices and boxes alike we'll reject ;

He, and his three partners, by this time shou'd  
know,  
We are determin'd to conquer Jack, Harris,  
and Co. Derry down.

They send in their ruffians, who saucily sit,  
With their doxies, in front seats of boxes or pit,  
With orders, to stifle the sense of the town,  
And convince us of error by knocking us down.  
Derry down.

**But legally let us persist, and these elves  
Will feel all the mischief recoil on themselves—  
“Persevere” is our motto, we’ll prove to these  
                drones,  
Now give Jack and his ruffians three resolute  
                groans.                         Derry down.**

## TRAGIC JOHN AND JOHN BULL.

Britons attend, and listen to our story,  
About tragic John, the great dramatic tory;  
Whose house being fir'd, drew Johnny Bull's  
tears,  
Ah! how lucky, for 'twas tumbling round our  
ears  
Bow, wow, &c.

Then Jack, combining with Charley and his sister,  
Vow'd to bleed poor Bull, and give him a blister,  
And thinking he paid too little in his taxes,  
Clapp'd sixpence on pit and a shilling on boxes.

Bow, wow, &c.

But Britons, who want neither valour nor wit,  
Found champions for their rights in boxes and  
pit;

Demand'd of John why he had rais'd the price,  
And sent him off the stage with very good ad-  
vice.

Bow, wow, &c.

Then John came again, with a long narration,  
And talk'd of Queen Anne, and changes in the  
nation;

But Jack and his sister, amidst wealth and re-  
nown,

Forget the rags they wore when they first came  
to town.

Bow, wow, &c.

Says Jack in Macbeth, our taylor's rais'd his  
price,

And our fiddlers now are grown very nice;  
How dear are the brooms too, us'd by our  
witches,

If you do not come down, poor Mac will have  
no breeches.

Bow, wow, &c.

But John, you have screw'd from us the pigeon-  
holes,

And twelve thousand a-year you gain from the  
good souls,

Who adore Mother CAT, and admire her squall-  
ing,

D—n me, when she comes, she'll hear some  
English bawling.                      Bow, wow, &c.

Britons, be firm in this war with Johnny Kemble,  
Never mind his proposal, 'tis all a dissemble ;

And when he talks of Sir Vinegar, and other  
arbitrators,

Say, Britons judge for themselves without  
government contractors.

Bow, wow, &c.

## LETTER XIII

(IN CONTINUATION)

*OTHELLO* and the *Blind Boy* were  
For Monday night the playhouse fare ;  
The noise was greater than before,  
For *BULL*, though without *horns*, can *roar* !  
They fought, they wrestl'd, jump'd, and ran,  
And such like merry games began.  
The new placards caused some alarms—  
One, painted like a coat of arms,  
Quarter'd with rattles, horns, O. P.  
And in the centre did I see—  
“ Bill of the play,” the rest P. B.\*  
“ Is Mr. Kemble gone abroad ?  
Yes ; to the country. Pray what road ?  
The *Road to Ruin*.” “ We agree,  
That o'er the private boxes be  
Writ—*Love and Opportunity* !”  
Poor Kemble they bore rather hard on—  
“ Oh, fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden.”†

---

\* i. e. private boxes.† A quotation from *Hamlet*.

“ The great Lord Dartmouth will, ere long,  
Make Mr. Kemble hold his tongue.”

This was a question to John Bull—

“ Is John a greater knave than fool ?”

Among the *terms of peace* I read,

“ Brandon discharg’d,” just o’er my head.

This night the singing and uproar,

Were much the same, sir, as before.

On Tuesday night, November seven,  
The *Exile* (last new play) was given :

The *Jew and Doctor* then succeeded,

But play and farce were little heeded.

So great was now the people’s rage,

They threw a patten on the stage ;

And something too at Mr. Fawcett—

I of a neighbour ask’d, what was it ?

He thought a halfp’ny, so it was ;

I cannot tell though for what cause.

Now war again resum’d his reign,

And many the placards were seen—

“ *Insequiturque CLAMOR virum.*”

As for the rest, I did’n’t admire ’em.

Sixty new constables, they tell,

Were now sworn in at Clerkenwell ;

And had they sworn in sixty more,

John Bull would not have ceas’d his roar.



*Inkle and Yarico* next I, sir,  
Saw represented with *The Miser*.  
John Bull now varied the dispute—  
Sometimes outrageous, sometimes mute.  
A glittering show the boxes made—  
O. P's. in silence were display'd :  
One lad was very loudly cheer'd—  
With a buff waistcoat he appear'd,  
And on his breast a large O. P.  
Sometimes they added N. P. B.\*  
Few of the handbills charm'd the eye ;  
One was—" We'll conquer or we'll die."  
Several rattles spoke their scorn,  
And Mr. Bull now us'd his *horn*.  
A bold Hibernian made a speech,  
But not a word my ears cou'd reach ;  
He stood up for the public cause,  
And by his blunders gain'd applause.

'Twas *Romeo and Juliet*, sir, on Thursday,  
And the *Poor Soldier* : this the worse day  
Since the commencement of the battle—  
The horn and whistle, bell and rattle,  
Were by the warriors united,  
And a tremendous noise excited.

---

\* i. e. no private boxes.

Several placards now struck the view—

“ O. P. expects each man will do

“ His duty.” “ Down with secret doors !”

“ The private boxes are for w——s !”

“ Sons of Britain, ne’er give o’er,

’Till the price is as before ;

Thus demonstrate every night,

They are wrong and you are right.”

“ Death or O. P.

And no P. B.”

But that which most applause obtain’d,

Can never be in rhyme explain’d ;

By shoutings it was much extoll’d,

And with some justice might be call’d

Th’ O. P’s. *standard*, or O. P. *arms*,

It having hieroglyphic cl arms ;

’Twas rais’d by a long stick, and near

Approach’d, I think, the second tier.

Some little games were now perform’d,

And loud they bellow’d, roar’d, and storm’d.

In one o’th’ plays which they’d invented,

A constable was represented—

Who dared his presence to obtrude,

When lo ! a sham fight then ensu’d.

The O. P. dance afforded glee ;

In every step they roar’d O. P.

And every step was so correct,  
It had a whimsical effect.

*The Man of the World* 'twas next night,  
And *Oscar and Malvina*. Quite  
The same, as before, the noise and riot;  
In truth, John Bull wou'd not be quiet.  
Abundant the placards were now,  
And some were witty, I allow.  
“ Old Kemble, in his utmost need,  
Depends upon a fragile REED.”  
“ NEW PRICES down to hell, and say  
OLD PRICES sent you there—away !” \*

*Love in a Village* was the play  
They advertis'd for Saturday ;  
With *Animal Magnetism*—but  
All eyes 'gainst play and farce were shut.  
The noise was great, and the applause  
Was very great indeed, because  
The O. P's. in the pit were headed  
By Mr. Clifflord, who was dreaded  
By Brandon and the magistrate,  
As did a former letter state.  
This was the barrister, so great,

---

\* This is a parody upon a line in *Richard III.* viz.

“ Down, down to hell, and say I send you there.”

Who in the pit before, sit, sat,  
 With an O. P. fix'd in his hat.  
 Some of the handbills now were new,  
 So with your leave I'll give a few.  
 " Full forty nights has Johnny trembled,  
 To see such *mad* Bulls here assembl'd."  
 " *What do you want?*—We want Old Prices,  
 No Italian arms, no French devices—  
 An humble apology we want,  
 Which it behoves you too to grant—  
 As much the town you did abuse,  
 By ruffians hir'd and fighting Jews."  
 " Relinquish all vile animosity,  
 And trust to public generosity."  
 " As virtue tends mankind to polish,  
 The private boxes then abolish."  
 " Statement of the victories gain'd,  
 By those who have the war maintain'd  
 Against King John, *videlicet*—  
 The ruffians hired and Hebrews beat,  
 John Kemble from the stage expell'd,  
 To scorn the private boxes held ;  
**FINIS**—Johnny Bull victorious !  
 A triumph hon'rab!e and glorious!"  
 A car'ature, a *bull* display'd,  
 Tossing the manager, 'tis said :

And thus this week, you see, my friend,  
Did in like noise and bustle end.  
More songs were written, I declare ;  
The following the best ones are.

---

### THE NEW-BUILT PLAYHOUSE, O !

LOUD roar'd the watchman's rattle,  
Dust bells began the din,  
Announc'd the hour of battle—  
'Twas half-price rushing in !  
Whilst o'er the rascal crew  
Vast consternation flew,  
At the sight  
On that night,  
In the new-built playhouse, O !

The catcalls next shrill sounding,  
'Midst O. P's. vocal strain ;  
The magic dance resounding,  
Near rent the walls in twain ;  
Our victors strengthen'd grew,  
O'erturn'd the Bow-street crew,

At the sight  
On that night,  
In the new-built playhouse, O !

Then, mustering our forces,  
Attack'd the thieves again,  
But number'd in our losses  
A few brave O P men.  
The victory was ours,  
Brave O. P. loudly rears,  
At the sight,  
On that night,  
In the new built Playhouse, O !



## PIY POOR KEMBLE, GENTLE FOLKS, PRAY.

Ye kind-h arted Britons, poor Kemble behold,  
Who in building his playhouse has sunk store  
of gold,  
About private-boxes be not over-nice,  
And consent to his wishes, by paying his price ;  
This song till ye do so, I'll sing ev'ry day,  
Pity, poor Kemble, gentlefolks, pray.

While catcalls, and trumpets, and rattles are  
us'd,

Only think how the manager must be confus'd ;  
Be hush'd into peace then—no more let them  
see,

Those two cursed letters, the O. and the P.  
This song, till ye mind me, I'll sing ev'ry day,  
Pity poor Kemble, gentlefolks, pray.

Reflect, if so much on O. P. ye are set,  
It may drive Mr. Kemble away in a pet ;  
To play-going folk, what a desperate shock,  
Should my master relinquish the buskin and  
sock ;

For who can play like him (should he go away),  
Pity, poor Kemble, gentlefolks, pray.



## NEW COVENT-GARDEN.

A house there was of great renown,  
It stood near Covent-Garden ;  
This very house was once burnt down,  
All through a careless warden.

They built the same all up again,  
It had a princely founder ;  
And though it did their pockets drain,  
They said 'twould be a wonder.  
Oh ! Covent-Garden ; delightful Covent-Gar-  
den ;  
What do the folks expect of thee, delightful  
Covent-Garden ?

This theatre, when first begun,  
Did raise great expectation,  
And caus'd a deal of talk and fun,  
Throughout our mighty nation.  
September was the appointed time,  
That it complete would be, sir,  
John Bull and friends thought it no crime,  
The pretty sight to see, sir,  
Oh ! Covent-Garden ; delightful Covent-Gar-  
den ;  
What is the talk of all the town, but go see  
Covent-Garden.

Away they went, through thick and thin,  
Before they op'd the doors, sir ;  
And then with all their force rush'd in,  
Almost like Russian boors, sir.



When he got in, indeed he saw  
The prices had been raised,  
At which he open'd wide his maw,  
Confoundedly amazed.

Oh ! Covent-Garden ; ah ! paw, paw, Covent-  
Garden ;

You should not do such naughty tricks, I tell  
you, Covent-Garden.

Od'zounds, says he, is this your trick,  
Am I to be thus cheated ?

But of this way, I'll make you sick,  
Until they are abated !

With rattles, horns, and bells I'll ring,  
Nor will I be more civil,  
While Madam Cat. persists to sing,  
You may go to the devil.

Oh ! Catalani ; you squalling Catalani ;  
You'd best go back to France to squall, my dear  
friend, Catalani.

John Bull unto his word so true,  
Was there again next night, sir ;  
This scurvy trick to make them rue,  
He tried with all his might, sir,

His horns he blew, his rattles sprung,  
And cried out, Nothing New, sir ;  
Says he, my bells shall e'er be rung,  
While cats and kittens mew, sir.  
Oh ! Catalani ; you perverse Catalani ;  
I pray you don't infest us here, but pack off  
Catalani.

He grew so rude, that on there came  
A man dress'd out in black, sir ;  
You sure must know him well by name,  
'Twas Seven Shilling Jack, sir.  
He try'd John Bull to pacify,  
But he could not be heard, sir ;  
John kindly to his friends did cry,  
Boy ! shall I dress your " Bird ;" sir,  
Oh ! Jackey Kemble ; renown'd Jackey Kem-  
ble ;  
You ne'er perform'd your part so well, for now  
you really tremble.

This did the great man so enrage,  
He muster'd all his force, sir ;  
The thief-takers came on the stage,  
And threatened treatment coarse sir,

He e'en the trap-doors plac'd in view,  
And pointed down below, sir,  
He said these holes were made for you,  
And thither you shall go, sir.  
Oh ! Johnny Kemble ; redoubted Johnny Kem-  
ble ;  
I dare say they do fear you much, redoubted  
Johnny Kemble.

His threats also in vain were spent—  
John Bull stood out John Kemble,  
And when he found John's true intent,  
He thought fit to dissemble.  
Six days in this way having past,  
Poor Jack in earnest swore, sir,  
Since John Bull to his word held fast,  
He'd open shop no more, sir.  
Oh ! Johnny Kemble ; unlucky Johnny Kem-  
ble ;  
I'm sure I pity much your fate, unlucky Johnny  
Kemble.

## THE O. P. HOP SHOP.

John Kemble and Co. keep a shop,  
None beat them in taking of money O ;  
In merry customers hop,  
Who wish to see something that's funny O.  
Marrow bo, marrow bo Betty.

There's lately been got up a dance,  
Call'a O. P. triumphant for ever O ;  
Its over the benches to prance,  
'Tis the essence of all that is clever O.  
Marrow bo, marrow bo Betty.

'Gainst the terms of their patent 'tis clear,  
They've built round the house private boxes O,  
Which they let to the Dons by the year,  
Who toy with their often-chang'd doxies O.  
Marrow bo, marrow bo Betty.

But John Bull ever watching his right,  
Disapprov'd in a tone loud as thunder O,  
He swore that he'd resist every night,  
'Till Jack and his colleagues knock'd under O.  
Marrow bo, marrow bo Betty.

Let's give to each O. P. a toast,  
Who've been us'd by the traps so uncivil O ;  
As for Brandon, the Jews, and the Post,  
We'll kick them headlong to the devil O.  
Marrow bo, marrow bo Betty.

These curious songs which now are bought,  
By and by will eagerly be sought.  
And for this reason, sir, I thought,  
They'd be acceptable to you—  
Hereafter more—so now

*Adieu.*

## LETTER XIII.

(IN CONTINUATION)

THIS week began with *Richard Three*,  
 The first the *Quaker*.—Still O. P.  
 By many in the pit was worn,  
 To hold new prices up to scorn.  
 A GRAND THEATRIC MEDAL,\* which  
 In workmanship is very rich,

\* The following is a description of this grand theatrical medal :

*Obverse.*

An allegorical head, illustrative of folly and avarice, encircled with this motto—

“ This is the Jew which Shakspeare drew.”

*Below.*

“ V. P.” (*vox Populi*). “ No Private Boxes.”

*Circular Motto.*

“ Avarice and tilled lust alone we blame,  
 Yet blush we must, for ’tis a nation’s shame.”

*Reverse.*

“ What do you want?” “ O. P. O. B. D. P. O.”  
 (i. e. *Old Prices—Open Boxes—and Deference to Public Opinion*).

These were wreathed in a garland of oak ; at foot, the rattle and trumpet.

*Circular Motto.*

“ The Drama’s laws the Drama’s patrons give,  
 And he who lives to please, should please to live.”

Hung from a ribbon round the neck,  
And many a waistcoat serv'd to deck.  
Hostilities had not yet ceased,  
But on the contrary increased.  
And droll manœuvres too were used,  
Which some displeas'd, and some amus'd.  
One of the *Pittites* quiet sat  
With a *red* cap on, 'stead of hat—  
Another, in a different place,  
With a *white* nightcap hid his face.  
Both were inclined the peace to keep,  
As both appear'd to go asleep.  
However, the managers, displeas'd,  
Had poor *red nightcap* quickly seiz'd  
By constables, he was indeed  
To Bow-street instantly convey'd.  
“How dare you, sir, presume to sit  
With that red cap on, in the pit?”  
(The magistrate with frowns exclaim'd)  
“I wonder you are not asham'd.”  
“Asham'd! Not I—I hope I may,  
As well as others, see a play—  
I've been accusom'd, night and day,  
As folks can testimony bear,  
'Tis cap upon my head to wear.

Did I one hour then leave it off,  
My death might follow with a cough.”  
They now dismiss’d poor Mr. Nightcap,  
But did not dare to seize on *white* cap.  
The reason’s plain—I’ll tell you what :  
This gentleman had lost his hat,  
Some nights preceding, in a fray ;  
He swore it had been ta’en away :  
For he a very staunch O. P.  
Was by the catchpoles known to be.  
To him they therefore had been rude,  
And so a scuffle soon ensued.  
They seiz’d him, he was held to bail—  
His murmurs were of no avail  
About his hat—for to be brief,  
He sought a warrant ’gainst the thief.  
“ Who is the thief?—who stole your hat ?  
I shall grant none till you tell that.”  
’Twas thus the magistrate address’d,  
And thus refused him his request.  
At last he found it was in *pop*,  
At the *three balls*—a well-known shop.  
And as the pawnbroker alleged,  
By whom the beaver had been pledged,  
The magistrate made up his mind,  
The man who pawn’d it shou’d be fin’d ;



But still refus'd the applicant  
A warrant 'gainst the thief to grant.  
He to another then applied,  
But by another was denied—  
“ I cannot grant what's been refus'd,”  
Was now the language which was us'd.  
And owing to this ETIQUETTE,  
It seems no warrant he could get.

Now after many a hiss and groan,  
Some new-invented bills were shown.  
But that which met most approbation,  
And caused the greatest exultation,  
Was a rude drawing, meant to be  
For Kemble in the pillory!!!  
This motto on the top I noted--  
“ To guilty minds ” (from Shakspeare quoted)  
A terrible example.”—Below  
Was this inscription, you must know,  
“ For keeping boxes of ill fame.”  
On the reverse too of the same—  
“ A wretched tumbril was the actor's stage ;  
We make improvements in the present age.”  
The pit—the boxes—I declare,  
Placards abounded every where.  
“ Defy that Brandon, and his hired crew  
To take, or ev'n lay hands on you,  
For d—n them, pay them if they do.”

“ Kemble to cheat—

Bennet to spy—

White to ill-treat—

Brandon to lie.”

“ No longer Kemble gives delight,

His pride is sickening to the sight—

Since ’tis his will to fal’—he must,

Ashes to ashes—dust to dust.”

Among the other exhibitions—

For peace, were offer’d these conditions :

“ Th’ Old Prices they shall still adopt,

All prosecutions shall be dropp’d.

And Kemble too, of Covent-Garden,

Shall publicly beg John Bull’s pardon.”

This play upon the letters two,

O. P. was also held to view—

“ OPpose OPpressive OPulence,”

With all the rest you can dispense.

Several sparrows were let loose ;

Like telegraphs they were of use ;

For labels to their necks had they,

And thus each party did convey

Their wishes to the other side,

With which they faithfully complied.

Much laughter and exultation

Attended each communication.

Indeed the tumult, at this present,  
I do assure you was incessant ;  
For they not only groan'd and hiss'd on,  
But pelted Incedon and Liston.  
About the stage the apples roll'd—  
A proof they wou'd not be control'd.

Th' *Exile* on Tuesday they went through,  
The *Portrait of Cervantes* too—  
Though thin the house, the O. P's endeavour  
To make as great a noise as ever.  
Among the exhibitions new,  
A pugilist was held to view ;  
“ D. M. 'twas mark'd—below, “ O. P.”  
*Daniel Mendoza* meant to be—  
“ Be staunch to your cause—for Bow-street not  
caring,  
And you'll carry your point in spite of Main-  
waring.”  
“ King Kemble, and Harris, and Brandon,  
We boldly defy you all three.  
Our cause we will never abandon,  
Until you come down with O. P.”  
Next *Speed the Plough* and the *Blind Boy*,  
Th' effect of both they did destroy.  
For though Chief Justice Mansfield thought,  
Th' O. P's. were really in fault,

They still resolv'd to wag their tongue,  
And prove the managers were wrong :  
Indeed, so great this night the riot,  
A man was nearly murder'd by it.  
He had been taken up for dead—  
A dreadful fracture on the head !  
The magistrate of Bow-street said,  
If dead, indeed, th' O. P's. shou'd rue it,  
For they were accessaries to it ;  
In short, my friend, he went on further—  
Their LEADERS shou'd be tried for *murder* !  
Why not the *managers* as well ?  
They help'd t' occasion what befel—  
And this thought all the gentlemen :  
For on the sixteenth, Thursday, when  
*Romeo and Juliet* was presented,  
And *Hartford Bridge*—the discontented  
The sixth commandment held to view.  
'Mong other placards there was too—  
“ A vile attempt at murder—oh ! ”  
This toast by an O. P. also—  
“ May those whom we see  
Perch'd up in the (*key*),  
Our fine modest women to shock,  
Be serv'd for their pains,  
With such kind of stains,  
As will furnish new *wards* for the (*lock*). ”

The *key* and *lock*, sir, I protest,  
By HIEROGLYPHICS were express'd.  
I likewise saw—"These private boxes  
Are for young cats and aged foxes."

The *Woodman*, and *We fly by Night*,  
Were not attended with delight ;  
And the like fate the *Cabinet*  
And *Child of Nature* also met.  
A child of nature, it is said,  
Was in a car'cature display'd—  
A naked fair one, stretch'd at ease,  
And underneath the words were these—  
"The Private Boxes." Ladies started  
Therewith, and from their seats departed.

Thus pass'd two months, and yet, my friend,  
The contest was not near an end ;  
For more, much more, have I to tell,  
But 'till next post I'll bid

*Farewell.*

## LETTER XIV.

(IN CONTINUATION)

Now managers went on so far  
That it became a dreadful war—  
They o'er the town usurp'd a sway,  
And thought to spread around dismay ;  
Yes, my dear friend, such their ambition,  
Instead of making due submission,  
They show'd a stubborn disposition.  
They tried the force of law—in short,  
'Twas brought before the King's Bench Court ;  
And now th' Attorney Gen'ral mov'd  
To show, by affidavits prov'd,  
As he imagin'd, a just cause,  
Why they should not enforce the laws ;  
And, 'cording to those accusations,  
To issue crim'nal informations  
Against the O. P's. *alias* the rioters,  
Who so tormented the proprietors  
Of Covent-Garden. One of these  
Said rioters, now styl'd O. P's.

Was HENRY CLIFFORD, *barrister*—  
Who, being so, he did aver,  
Was more to blame : quite sorry he,  
That one of CLIFFORD's high degree  
Should in his hat wear an O. P.  
Four other persons now he nam'd,  
Who of their *rows* shou'd be asham'd—  
A Mr. WEINHOLT (he, it was,  
Who 'bout his hat had made a noise)  
The rest were SAVAGE, RIDLEY, SCOTT,  
Names which can never be forgot.  
'The rule immediately was granted—  
'Twas all th' Attorney Gen'ral wanted ;  
But what effect had this event ?  
It did not banish discontent.  
This night's performances they ruin—  
*Romeo and Juliet* and *Don Juan*.  
There still was noise, with intermissions—  
Still car'catures and exhibitions :  
But, Tuesday night, they were more quiet—  
Another cessation of the riot ;  
Yes, the *Suspicious Husband* then  
Was heard—*Don Juan* SEEN again.  
The *British Press*, in exultation,  
Said there was now a termination  
To this theatric altercation ;

Not so, for though the noise diminish'd,  
The battle was by no means finish'd.  
Though only one placard, 'tis said,  
And few O. P's. this night display'd,  
The war by no means had subsided—  
But John Bull was by prudence guided;  
While managers were pertinacious,  
He was resolv'd to be sagacious :  
Yet, spite of his dissimulation,  
He show'd at times his indignation—  
For when this night (a usual thing),  
Three cheers he order'd for the KING ;  
To order too, he did not fail,  
Three hisses for *excessive bail* !

The *Exile* did they next perform—  
And now there was a little storm ;  
At intervals they thus contriv'd,  
To show their spirit still surviv'd.  
They gave *Don Juan*, as before,  
And play'd it also two nights more.  
A piece consisting of dumb show  
They could not interrupt, you know  
The managers, of this aware,  
Adopted it for this week's fare—  
For actors well could walk through this,  
In spite of every groan and hiss ;



Yet still John Bull, not over civil,  
With *Juan* sometimes play'd the devil.  
Indeed, what now he relish'd most,  
Was throwing something at the *ghost*.

On Thursday, by hir'd people's aid,  
They *Each Man in his Humour* play'd,  
With some degree of approbation—  
The cause indeed of exultation.  
And so, next night, *Th' way to ge<sup>t</sup> Married*—  
The N. P's \* thought their point they'd carry'd;  
Yes, in the *British Pres<sup>s</sup>* I read  
Th' O. P's. were absolutely dead;  
So kind they were (too kind by half)  
They even gave their epitaph:  
As this occur'd to recollection,  
It seem'd indeed a *resurrection*,  
To meet th' O. P's. on Saturday—  
(The *English Fleet* was then the play)  
Assembling in the pit again,  
And singing their accustom'd strain.  
A pity they did not contrive  
To play that night "the Dead Alive;"  
But *Raising the Wind* 'twas, I remember,  
This twenty-fifth day of November;

And I assure you 'twas a grand day,  
 According to my *memoranda*—  
 The FIFTIETH of the commotion ;  
 And therefore some indulg'd a notion,  
 Th' O. P's. had hitherto remain'd  
 A little quiet and restrain'd,  
 That they might now enjoy more glee,  
 And celebrate — JUBILEE.  
 The *Press*, as I already said,  
 Having declar'd th' O. P's. were dead,  
 A modern wit—such dearly love  
 On other's fancies to improve—  
 Told a long tale, about this time,  
 Of a tremendous ghost, in rhyme.  
 This in the *Statesman* was inserted,  
 And as you'll be therewith diverted,  
 I here transcribe it faithfully :—  
 'Tis call'd

### THE GHOST OF AN O. P.

NOVEMBER's drizzling dark fogs lower'd,  
 And not a moon-beam shone ;  
 Whilst weary mortals sleep o'erpower'd,  
 The watchman cried—" Past one!"

Raging, devoid of ease and rest,  
Sleep fled from Kemble's bed ;  
Tormenting passions rent his breast,  
And vengeance fill'd his head.

When lo ! amidst the murky gloom  
He heard a mournful sound,  
And saw a pale-blue flame illumine  
A mystic figure round.

Its steps were slow, its breathing hard,  
One hand sustain'd a horn,  
Its brows display'd a fierce placard,  
In desperate scuffle torn.

Tall was the sprite—a hissing noise  
Its near approach proclaim'd ;  
And Kemble, starting at the voice,  
In solemn tone exclaim'd—

“ Angels and ministers of grace ! \*  
What do you want with me ? ”  
Whilst terror blanch'd the actor's face,  
The spectre groan'd—O. P.

---

\* Hamlet.

Revolving his dragooning plan,

Again the actor cried—

“ Liv’st then, or art thou aught that man  
May ask ?” \* The ghost replied—

“ No, Kemble, it had better been,  
Hadst thou remain’d a priest,  
And only Douay’s college seen,  
A Jesuit confest.

“ Then had thy solemn tones deceiv’d  
With apostolic gains,  
Nor then for *berds* and *aitches* griev’d,  
Nor yet for broken *panes*. †

“ There too thy avarice and pride,  
Would have had room to scope,  
And with o’erweening talents tried,  
Perhaps have made thee—*Pope*.

“ And well the crosier in thy hand  
Had made the world obey,  
Though then, as now, would Britons stand  
Erect to spurn thy sway.

---

\* *Macbeth*.

† Alluding to the windows which were broken in Mr. Kemble’s house about this time.

“ Kemble, in vain with rage you burn,  
You can't escape from me,  
And wheresoe'er your eyes you turn.  
You meet my name—O. P.

“ But still John Bull, so kind of heart,  
The olive branch extends,  
And penitence becomes *your part*,  
Then all contention ends.

“ Oh, Kemble! obstinate and proud,  
Let avarice yield to me,  
Humbly submit you to the crowd,  
And re-instate O. P.

“ Bethink you of the wretch's fate,  
His obloquy and shame,  
Who dares to brave the public hate,  
Whose gen'ral censure's blame.

“ Already object of their scorn,  
In vain you hide from me ;  
But know the rattle and the horn  
Will designate O. P.

“ For years to come the dolorous sound  
Will thrall through either ear,  
And trembling you will look around,  
Although O. P’s. not near.

“ The hoot and hiss in every breath,  
Will make you start and stare,  
As did the regicide Macbeth,  
When Banquo fill’d the chair.

“ Like Hotspur’s \* startlings, will be taught  
To hollow out O. P.  
Your sleep in fancy will be fraught  
With groanings three times three.

“ When musing in soliloquy,  
You’ll say and strive to clasp—  
‘ Is this a rattle that I see ? ’ †  
’Tis air-drawn from your grasp.

“ Kemble, ’tis interest bids submit,  
Restore ME, and you will  
Find old price galleries, boxes, pit,  
Your house and pockets fill.

---

\* Henry IV.

† Macbeth.

“ Now ruin stares you in the face,  
To empty seats you'll play ;  
And then too late will you retrace  
That avarice held the sway.

“ Why, know you not the adage old,  
‘ Grasp all, lose all,’ 'tis true ;  
And gen'rous Britons yet are bold,  
Oppression can't subdue.

“ For think you that we'll stand in awe  
Of hireling *traps* of *Bow* ;  
Or that the fear inspiring law,  
Can calm the mighty *roar*.

“ No ! Britons are on victory bent,  
They'll conquer and be free ;  
Then, Kemble, yet in time repent,  
And re-instate O. P.”

Thus spake the ghost in solemn tones,  
And whirl'd the rattle round ;  
Then vanish'd in repeated groans,  
Whilst yells and hisses sound.

That the O. P's. *existed* still,  
Depend upon it find you will—  
There need no *ghost* to come and tell us  
That they were resolute brave fellows,  
Determin'd not to quit the field  
'Till managers were forc'd to yield.  
But to conclude 'tis now expedient,  
And so,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient.



## LETTER XV.

(IN CONTINUATION)

AND now, November twenty-seven,  
The managers brought bills eleven  
'Fore the grand inquest.—Only three  
Rejected were—and yet, we see,  
This tended not to make folk quiet,  
But rather to increase the riot.  
*The Roman Father* and *Don Juan*  
Began the week.—Spite of all doing  
By lawyers, managers, to tame  
John Bull—the *bull* more *mad* became ;  
Nor was his noble spirit shaken,  
Although the rule which had been taken  
By GIBBS,\* respecting this dispute,  
On 'Tuesday was made absolute.

---

\* About this time Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney General, during a consultation on this important subject, made use of the following quotation from Ovid, which was reckoned an excellent pun on the O. P's.

“*Effodiuntur OPES, irritamenta malorum.*”

This week the murmurs of the crowd  
Were always deep—but never loud—  
Indeed, for this they had good reason,  
For those whom constables did seize on  
For *noise*, to Bow-street were convey'd—  
And as the magistrates agreed  
Not after nine o'clock to sit,  
Of course the watch-house was deem'd fit  
To be their lodging for that night.  
Where, whether it was wrong or right,  
To hiss—to hoot—to dance O. P.  
I think you'll readily agree  
That thus they paid for their night's pleasure,  
Above all reasonable measure.  
As nothing happen'd for a week,  
Of which 'tis requisite to speak,  
I now must quit the month November,  
For the first Tuesday in December.  
But that my work complete may be,  
Dear sir, you in a note may see  
A faithful journal\* of the plays  
For all the intermediate days.—

---

Tuesday, Nov. 28.—*School for Prejudice—Don Juan.*  
Wednesday, - 29.—*Exile—Is he a Prince?*  
Thursday, - 30.—*Roman Father—Don Juan.*

Now on the fifth at four o'clock,  
 The managers receiv'd a shock—  
 Yes, friend, they by a British jury  
 Were sadly frighten'd, I assure you.  
 For CLIFFORD now sought satisfaction,  
 And against Brandon brought his action  
 For false imprisonment and assault—  
 It was indeed a double fault.  
 Now in the Court of Common Pleas  
 Were tried the rights of the O. P.'s.  
 Of counsel, it must be confess'd,  
 That Mr. Clifford had the Best—  
 Yes, *Serjeant Best* began the case,—  
 His speech will meet with your applause.  
 “ Now, gentlemen, all of you know  
 About a little while ago,  
 The managers of Covent-Garden  
 Re-built their house—I beg your pardon  
 For taking up your time, to tell  
 What you already must know well ;  
 So on this part I shall not dwell.

Friday, Dec. - 1.—*A Cure for the Heart ache—Jubilee.*

Saturday, - 2.—*English Fleet—Who wins?*

Monday, - 4.—*Othello—Don Juan.*

No—I'll be brief—yes, gentlemen,  
As brief as possible.—Well then  
I'll go, gentlemen, if you please, on—  
They opened, early in the season  
As usual, for acting plays—  
But first thought proper they to raise  
The Boxes and the Pit—and yet  
The boxes best *per* year were let.  
This, gentlemen, you'll all agree  
Should in no English playhouse be—  
All seats should to the town be free.  
What? private boxes! Yes, sirs—private!  
The managers at vice connive at.  
And still to render them more odious,  
These had apartments quite commodious.  
The company might then retire  
To chat—to do what they desire.—  
Here parties might intrigue—anon,  
This house the place be of *crim. con.*  
To immorality devoted,  
And thus adult'ry be promoted.  
Oh! fie for shame!—we all must own,  
That ev'ry part should to the town,  
Boxes especially, be free—  
Why should Lord A. or Lady B.

For this and each succeeding night  
To a monopoly claim right?—  
The town have right to *take their places*,\*  
And, gentlemen, this too the case is :  
Whene'er the KING goes to a play—  
He takes his box, as I may say—  
To none, exclusively, lays claim,  
For you next night may have the same.  
But to proceed—for still I say  
Your time I wish not to delay :  
They, dreading a just opposition  
To the new prices of admission—  
Mark, sirs, for here hangs a good deal—  
They to the town made an appeal—  
Well, sirs—of course then all were bid  
To speak their mind—and so they did.  
Why bid to speak their mind?—By this  
They had a right to clap or hiss—  
Why take their hisses then amiss?  
The critics clap when they approve,  
And managers such *tumult* love.

---

\* It is usual for people early in the day to send to the Box-keeper to bespeak places, who consequently has them kept till the end of the first act—but as this custom has been much abused by the servants of the house, who pretend that places are taken when the contrary is a fact, this theatrical law ought to be repealed.

But when they have an inclination  
To publish their disapprobation,  
They hiss—and sirs, I must insist,  
Had I been there, I might have hiss'd.  
A hiss is *No*—a clap is *Yes*—  
Are they then *rioters* for this?  
As hisses though had no effect  
The imposition to correct,  
Some gentlemen did then agree  
To put into their hats O. P.  
And this my client did—what then?  
It was an answer, gentlemen,  
To the proprietors' appeal—  
It briefly said “I do not feel  
Satisfied with your prices new,”  
And this it said in letters two.  
Was this illegal?—then if so,  
The managers were wrong you know  
To ask the question—for, in short,  
The public's answer they did court—  
They gave their answer—and why for't  
Should they now be by the proprietors  
Held up and stigmatiz'd as rioters?  
I am, gentlemen of the jury,  
A nervous man I do assure you,

Yet I, in justice now, must say,  
I went to Covent-Garden play.  
These *rioters* though did no *harm*,  
They gave me not the least alarm—  
I did not feel at all dismay'd,  
Nor of their riots was afraid.  
I went to the two shilling gallery,  
And do assure you without raillery,  
That many who were there, in vain  
A view endeavoured to obtain—  
And when they did, 'twas a half view,  
Yes, sirs, it was like peeping through  
A telescope that was inverted—  
This can by several be asserted.  
Of course the gall'ry some must quit,  
Perhaps to go into the pit.  
But here, sirs, mark the imposition,  
It is four shillings the admission.  
The price of boxes too is rais'd,  
At which you well may be amaz'd ;  
When all the best are yearly let,  
For which the managers must get  
A sum, I will be bold to say,  
That their expences will defray.  
By such manœuvres, gross and latent,  
They've justly forfeited the patent.

And ev'ry body has a right—  
At any playhouse—any night,  
T' express his censure or delight.  
My client though was very quiet,  
He never stirr'd—he made no riot;  
He only wore, sirs, an O. P.  
To show that he did not agree  
To this theatrical taxation—  
Thus he convey'd his indignation;  
Without a murmur or a hiss—  
Yet, sirs, the box-keeper for this,  
A servant to the house, was pleas'd  
T' insist upon his being seiz'd—  
To bid a Bow-street officer  
Lay hands upon a—barrister.  
Yes, sirs, he took him by surprise,  
And Mr. Brandon d—d his eyes.  
To Bow-street he was ta'en indeed—  
Examin'd before Mr. Read—  
The witness here insisted that  
He wore an O. P. in his hat—  
This, sirs, my client did admit,  
He wore these letters in the pit,  
As well he might— if he thought fit.  
You know at times, sirs, of elections,  
(To which there have been no objections)



That by each party is display'd  
On those occasions a cockade.  
These mark'd cockades, it is agreed,  
To serious altercations lead :  
Yet are the wearers apprehended  
As rioters ?—Yet 'tis pretended,  
Forsooth ! my client was a rioter,  
Than whom no man cou'd have been  
quieter.

A rioter ?—how can that be,  
By his exhibiting O. P. ?  
But witness, sirs, who had his eye on't,  
Declar'd in Bow-street that my client  
T' assist the altercation tried,  
But this my client, sirs, denied.  
And added—" Let the witness pray,  
Make oath of what he's pleas'd to say."  
But no—he would not swear to this,  
Had he presum'd the book to kiss—  
He knew, sirs, by anticipation,  
That he should meet an elevation—  
An elevation, I engage,  
More high than Covent-Garden stage.  
No charge was sworn—so Mr. Read,  
The magistrate, of course agreed,  
That Mr. Clifford should be freed.

Here's an assault—a capture too,  
And all for what? Therefore to you  
He looks for damages—his due,  
For a false capture, an assault,  
Without committing any fault.  
Gentlemen of the jury, now  
A compensation pray allow;  
That servants may hereafter know  
They have no right to behave so.  
What! shall a box-keeper intrude,  
And be to gentlemen so rude?  
You cannot, sirs, be too severe;  
He had no right to interfere.  
Hence let him know his proper station,  
And only mind his occupation.  
It is his duty to obey—  
And not to arrogate a sway;—  
His duty people to receive,  
And due accommodation give—  
Provide them places, as is meet,  
But not to take them to Bow-street.”

The witnesses did now appear—  
Th' assault and capture were made clear.

Then *Serjeant Shepherd*, for defendant,  
Made a fine speech—he did contend in't,

“ The managers had a just right  
To raise their prices—that they might,  
Their patent show’d—and it was clear,  
That if they pleas’d they might per year  
Their boxes to the gentry let,  
For whatsoever they cou’d get.  
They built the house—it was their own,  
As could by their receipts be shown.  
Their servant Brandon had just reason  
The riotous O. P.’s to seize on.  
It was the signal of a riot—  
The plaintiff an abettor by it.  
It is confess’d he wore O. P.  
And therefore an abettor he—  
By wearing it their cause he aided,  
Himself, as barrister, degraded.  
Should one of his high dignity  
Have put into his hat O. P. ?  
Indeed, I do not think ’twas fit  
That he—a barrister—should sit  
In such a place, sirs, as the pit.”

To this effect he spoke—and now  
Some cursory remarks allow :—  
The managers, it is well known,  
Have built the house—it is their own—  
But still ’tis *subject to the town.*—

And where's, my friend, the degradation  
Of sitting in the pit? a station,  
Which to the boxes I prefer,  
And where I've seen, I must aver,  
Many an exalted character.  
It was, without a blush, confess  
By 'tother counsel, *Serjeant Best*,  
That in the gall'ry he had been ;  
Of course a barrister was seen  
(I think you'll readily admit)  
In a much worse place than the pit.  
But to proceed—th' evidence clos'd ;  
The judge \* summ'd up, but he oppos'd  
Th' O. P's.—the managers defended—  
And in a speech of length contended  
To raise their prices they'd a right—  
To let their boxes too they might  
Per year ; for none, wou'd he allow,  
In playhouses shou'd make a row.  
Whoever rais'd an opposition  
To the new prices of admission,  
Undoubtedly a riot bred—  
And should be punish'd too, he said ;

---

\* Sir James Mansfield.

For those who did not choose to pay  
The prices new, might stay away ;  
In short, my friend, he went so far  
As to run down the O. P. war.  
The jury for awhile retir'd  
To ponder, as they were desir'd.  
The judge, in the meantime, address'd  
The multitude and Serjeant Best :—  
“ I fear your words may lead astray  
The ignorant ; but, sirs, I say  
That in a playhouse 'tis amiss  
To make a noise—to hoot and hiss—  
It is illegal—so take care,  
And of the consequence beware.”  
But Serjeant Best still persever'd,  
And to his arguments adher'd.  
But at this time return'd the jury,  
And for the plaintiff, I assure you,  
They gave a verdict—yes—FIVE POUNDS !”  
“ Eh !” cried the judge, “ Upon what grounds ?”  
The foreman said, that the arrest  
Illegal was, they all confess'd ;  
And that they also did agree,  
To criminate a man would be  
Too HARSH for wearing an O. P.

Yes! it would be an innovation  
Upon our RIGHTS—a violation  
Of LIBERTY throughout the nation.  
The judge now all astonish'd star'd—  
“The consequences,” he declar'd,  
“Of this, your verdict, sirs, I dread ;”  
And hereupon he shook his head.  
But I forgot, I should have said,  
That when the damages were found,  
The hall with shoutings did resound—  
Lord Ellenborough,\* it appears,  
Clapp'd both his hands upon his ears.

A little, sir, before the din,  
Came Kemble and young Harris in ;  
The former a *subpœna* got—  
But was he call'd for?—He was not !  
No—'twas a trick, I would be sworn,  
T' expose him to the people's scorn.  
No sooner enter'd he the hall,  
Than he was recognis'd by all ;  
No sooner was the verdict found,  
Than him did all the boys surround—

---

\* Lord Ullenborough was summing up at that moment in the Court of King's Bench, but was obliged to stop, being unable to hear himself.

Behind, before, on every side,  
O. P.—O. P. they loudly cry'd :  
On every stone o'er which he walk'd,  
O. P.—O. P.—O. P. was chalk'd.

And now, my friend, I beg your pardon  
For keeping you from Covent-Garden  
So long ; but still 'tis my intention  
This night's performances to mention—  
To tell you how th' O. P's. contended,  
And how, at length, the battle ended ;  
But as so long my present letter,  
These subjects to postpone I'd better :  
Then, 'till I write to you again,  
Your humble servant I remain.

## LETTER XVI.

(IN CONTINUATION)

SPITE of the judge's free advice,  
Now to the playhouse, at half price,  
The O. P's. hasten'd, to annoy  
The *Beggars' Opera* and *Blind Boy*.  
They hooted, shouted, sneez'd, and cough'd-  
They hiss'd, they ridicul'd, and scoff'd.  
No catchpoles enter'd now the place,  
And even Brandon hid his face.  
Th' O. P's. their penny rattles sprung—  
The house with horns and whistles rung.  
What skirmishes!—they ran about  
The pit and made a furious rout.  
Indeed, the officers, I hear,  
Were all afraid to interfere :  
The magistrates, 'tis also said,  
Of their commitments were afraid.



Of none were the O. P's. in dread—  
Abundance of placards they spread—

'Mong which the following I read.

“Keep up the contest still with fury.”

“Huzza for CLIFFORD and a JURY!”

“We're *Hearts of Oak*—steady, boys, steady,  
To turn out ruffians always ready.”

“Shall pride and avarice bear the sway?”

“Shall Britons, boys, give up the day?”

Now plenty of O. P's. they wore,  
And of *white nightcaps* half a score;

This was a *costume*, you remember,  
Was started early in November.

Now vocal noises did abound—

They beat O. P. upon the ground—

And every part they made resound.

Some halfpence threw they on the stage,  
As testimonies of their rage;

In short, my friend, they did endeavour  
To make more noise to night than ever.

Now to December eight I come—

Th' *Merchant of Venice* and *Tom Thumb*.

The hurly burley was the same,

Or else more violent became.

The antics which they now went through  
Were more extravagant to view :—

A Mr. SHAKESPEARE\* too (a name  
Of very great dramatic fame)  
Contributed to this night's sport—  
His dress was of a curious sort.  
He in the pit demurely sat,  
With M. P.—O. P. in his hat;  
But, sir, to add to his renown,  
He'd on a barr'ster's wig and gown.  
Though quietly he took his seat,  
The noise was consequently great.  
He for the frolic was extoll'd—  
A second Daniel† was he call'd;  
But soon to Bow-street was convey'd,  
And then oblig'd his cause to plead.

Like rage on Saturday they vented,  
Upon which night were represented  
Th' *Exile* and *Portrait of Cervantes*;  
Most violent, indeed, the rant was—  
For horns, rattles, whistles sounded,  
And every kind of noise abounded.  
Some put on masks, and others white caps,  
For these were fashionable nightcaps.

---

\* Son of Shakespeare the member of Parliament.

† The appellation given by Shylock to Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, which was then performed.

Now several false noses wore,  
All pimples and carbuncles o'er :  
Thus 'fore the curtain they perform'd—  
They hooted, shouted, bellow'd, storm'd.  
This evening to their exhibitions  
I witness'd several additions ;  
But so obscene, 'twou'd not be fit,  
The words to paper to commit :  
One, much applauded though, I saw—  
“ Th' voice of the people the first law.”  
'Twas thus, my friend, th' O. P's. contended,  
And thus the week in tumult ended.

And now I claim awhile your patience,  
As fain I'd make some observations.  
Already you have been appriz'd,  
They for subscriptions advertis'd ;  
For 'tween themselves th' O. P's. agreed,  
To succour all their friends in need—  
Particularly those in jail,  
Who'd there been sent for want of bail ;  
And thus with cash they were supplied,  
'Till the indictments shou'd be tried.  
By means too of these contributions,  
They enter'd into resolutions  
Of carrying on some prosecutions

Against the managers—so that  
They now were playing *tit* for *tat*.  
The list encreas'd too very fast—  
A good large sum it was at last ;  
You'll say, a thousand pities though,  
To lawyers all this cash shou'd go ;  
But weren't the managers the blockheads,  
Who thus took pains to fill their pockets ?  
Were they not very much in fault,  
'Th' enlighten'd public to assault ?  
Were they not all along to blame,  
And why not suffer for the same ?  
Yes, the subscribers claim'd applause,  
For aiding thus the public cause.  
'Twas very proper, very right,  
To guard 'gainst managerial spite—  
To parry off the blows they aim'd,  
And make them in the end asham'd.  
The O. P's. as you perceive, my friend,  
Had every thing to apprehend ;  
For managers (I don't know how  
But very strange it was I vow)  
By all the folk in pow'r were join'd—  
As judges, magistrates, combin'd  
To favor their unjust pretences,  
And critic's rights to make offences ;

For hitherto they bore the sway—  
They had a right at every play  
Applause or censure to proclaim,  
As actors are a “lawful game.”  
How could they then resist such fury,  
But by applying to a jury?  
'Twas thus th’ O. P’s. their rights maintain’d,  
For why shou’d critics be restrain’d?  
Let the Attorney Gen’ral read  
Our prologues,\* and he’ll find, indeed,  
That critics have been held the masters  
Of managers and poetasters;  
At any new play’s condemnation,  
How dreadful the vociferation—  
In thunder have they not repell’d?  
Yet this no riot has been held.  
And why should not the public still  
Enjoy this right to speak their will?  
For thus, by all dramatic laws,  
They spoke their censure and applause.

---

\* Several extracts from old prologues were given in the newspapers, asserting the rights of critics, particularly the following:—

“Be this at least his praise, be this his pride—

“*To force applause* no modern arts are tried;

“Shou’d partial CAT-CALLS all his hopes confound,

“He bids no trumpet quell the *fatal* sound.”

*Prologue to Irene.*

But matters now were so arrang'd,  
 That "stern alarms" were to be chang'd  
 To "merry meetings;" yes, indeed,  
 Th' O. P's. among themselves agreed  
 To dine together, as 'twas plann'd :  
 The Crown and Anchor, in the Strand,  
 Was where this entertainment grand  
 Was to be giv'n, and every member  
 To meet the fourteenth of December.  
 They issued cards \* of invitation,  
 Requesting a deliberation—  
 All for the good, sir, of the nation.  
 The managers were now dismay'd—  
 They of the cause were sore afraid ;  
 The verdict of a British jury  
 Had made them pause, I do assure you.

\* The following is a copy of one of the cards :—

" No. 100.

No. 105.

" The real Friends of the BRITISH DRAMA, and Reprobaters of MANAGERIAL INSOLENCE and BRUTALITY, will DINE together at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, on Thursday, the 14th of December, 1809.


" Tickets 12s. 6d. each, to be had at the Bar of the Tavern (*other references*).

" Dinner on Table at 5 o'Clock precisely.

" J. P "

[A Seal].

To desperation they were driven  
By the FIVE POUNDS which had been given  
Against Brandon ; while the other party  
Were all good-humor'd, gay, and hearty.  
This verdict too became, ere long,  
The subject of a comic song ;  
Which, as belonging to my story,  
I here think fit to lay before you.



### KING JOHN WAS A MANAGER.

KING JOHN was a manager mighty and high—  
Hey populorum jig,  
He built private boxes, the devil knows why—  
Hey populorum jig.  
There lords and gay madams were shewing their  
scorns,  
But soon the fine managers drew in their horns ;  
With battle 'em, rattle 'em,  
Fiddle dum, diddle dum,  
Spurn him out, turn him out,  
Kemble, O! tremble, O!  
Hey populorum jig.

Then down our poor throttles new prices to  
cram,

Hey populorum jig,

He hired MENDOZA, he hired DUTCH SAM,

Hey populorum jig.

O, wonderful story ! O, wonderful news !

JOHN KEMBLE, the Papist, in league with the  
Jews.

With his battle 'em, &c.

JOHN BULL is the civilest creature alive,

Hey populorum jig,

A baby may lead, but the devil can't drive,

Hey populorum jig ;

Says he to the alphabet right merrily,

Pray lend us your capital letters O. P.

For a battle 'em, &c.

As sly as a fisherman Brandon arose—

Hey populorum jig,

He angled for P's. and he bobb'd for the O's.

Hey populorum jig ;

He fish'd up poor CLIFFORD just like a dead cat,

Because he had got an O. P. in his hat.

With his battle 'em, &c.



He found his mistake, and he trembled with fear,  
Hey populorum jig,  
Because he had hook'd the wrong sow by the  
ear,

Hey populorum jig.

Poor KEMBLE look'd dull as a man in the stocks,  
And JEMMY BOX-KEEPER was in the wrong  
box.

With his battle 'em, &c.

When next Mister KEMBLE he acts in *Macbeth*,

Hey populorum jig,

I think that the town will be in at the death,

Hey populorum jig.

And whenever a box-keeper passes his bounds,  
I hope that a jury will give us FIVE POUNDS,  
For our battle 'em, &c.

And now, in a few days at most—

I trust 'twill be by the next post—

I shall, my dearest friend, be able

To take you to the O. P. table ;

You'll be astonish'd, I declare,

At the events which happen'd there.

But to anticipate's unfair—

The whole, at proper time, I'll tell,

'Till when I must repeat *farewel*.

## LETTER XVII.

(IN CONTINUATION)

INDEED, my friend, I'm in such haste  
To take you to the O. P. feast—  
That I must pass over three days,  
But underneath I give the plays  
Which were perform'd.\*—Now Harris, Kem-  
ble,

(I must observe) began to tremble.  
Each night their house was very thin,  
And few the *orders* they sent in—  
The *row*, of course, as you may guess,  
Was sometimes more, and sometimes less.  
One moment it would calm remain,  
But soon the storm return'd again.—

---

Monday, Dec. 11.—*Woodman and Don Juan.*  
Tuesday, — 12.—*John Bull and Farmer.*  
Wednesday, - 13.—*Every Man in his Humour and*  
*Oscar and Malvina.*

Let's leave though these unhappy devils,  
And mingle with the O. P. revels.—  
On Thursday, in the afternoon,  
The company assembled soon ;  
The Crown and Anchor overflowed,  
And very thickly they were stowed :  
You cannot wonder when you're told,  
Five hundred tickets had been sold ;  
And as some gentlemen presided,  
The best of viands were provided.  
Yes, I assure you, that the food,  
And ev'n the wine, were very good.  
Distinguish'd characters were there,  
And HENRY CLIFFORD grac'd the chair  
All was harmony, on my word,  
For smiles adorn'd the festive board.  
Soon as the cloth was ta'en away,  
The President rose up to say—  
He Mr. Kemble saw that day ;  
And thus continued his oration—  
“ Sirs, in the course of conversation,  
The gentleman a wish express'd  
T' attend this meeting—but confess'd  
He of rough treatment was in dread ;  
On which immediately I said :

I'll take upon me to insure  
His safety—he should be secure—  
Thus, in the name of all the meeting,  
I've promis'd him a cordial greeting.  
And as his presence now may tend  
All animosities to end,  
I trust, as I have giv'n my promise,  
He'll meet no foul invectives from us.”  
“ No ! no ! ” they cried—“ we shall refrain  
From scoffs—decorum we'll maintain.”  
The Chairman now was loudly cheer'd,  
And Mr. Kemble soon appear'd—  
With great respect all round he bow'd,  
And happy seem'd he was allow'd  
To take a seat—the Chairman then  
Resum'd his theme—“ Now, gentlemen,  
I'll tell you, for I'll not dissemble,  
What pass'd 'tween me and Mr. Kemble:  
He said that he was much distress'd  
To find, as had been manifest  
This season, so much hostile rage  
Between the public and the stage—  
He wish'd hostilities might cease ;  
He wish'd for the return of peace :  
And said that he and colleagues too,  
Wou'd ev'ry thing in their pow'r do

To make up matters, and restore  
Tranquillity as heretofore—  
And this much sooner in the season  
They wou'd have done—but then the reason,  
Th' attempt so long had been delay'd,  
Was that they did not know, he said,  
Where application should be made.  
However, as it had been plann'd,  
To call this meeting in the Strand,  
The managers, as well they might,  
Consider'd 'twould be very right  
This opportunity to take,  
And due concessions here to make.  
I, sirs, have Mr. Kemble told,  
That bringing in of ruffians bold,  
The public to insult and beat,  
Was deem'd a trespass very great.  
The private boxes did I mention,  
As further cause of the contention.  
I said that he and his colleagues  
Might term them boxes for intrigues.”  
Th' applause was great now from the crowd,  
And “Hear him! hear him!” cried they  
    loud.  
Thus went the speech on from the chair—  
“Sirs, Mr. Kemble did declare,

'The magistrates, upon his word,  
Had acted of their own accord—  
Nor knew he, till th' account he read,  
That they had dar'd the stage to tread.  
He said his colleagues would agree  
Th' private boxes should be free—  
And that for these and like transgressions,  
They now would make all due concessions.  
Now, gentlemen, that we're victorious,  
Let us that victory make glorious,  
By being to the vanquish'd kind—  
'To easy terms let's be inclin'd—  
Let's not, I pray, impose too much,  
For John Bull's character is such,  
That though *wrong-headed* sometimes he,  
*Wrong-hearted* he can never be.  
I think to drop all prosecutions  
Should be among our resolutions."

A gentleman, one Mr. FILE,  
Now begg'd attention for awhile—  
The best conditions to be made  
On John Bull's part were these he said—  
"The pit as usual, and no more,  
The private boxes as before—  
And Brandon, as he did persist  
In insolence should be dismiss'd.

The managers should to the town  
Apologize for what they'd done."  
By acting thus with due submission,  
And testifying their contrition,  
The boxes, it was his advice,  
Should then remain at th' new price.  
This speech now met with approbation,  
It was receiv'd with acclamation.  
A toast—*The Subjects' Liberty*—  
They also drank with three times three :  
While Mr. Kemble acquiesc'd  
With the proposals—but confess'd  
He could not promise the condition  
Exacting Brandon's quick dismissal,  
Till with his partners he'd conferr'd ;  
But would, he solemnly averr'd,  
To them most strongly recommend  
By no objections to offend.  
“ Sir,” now exclaim'd a mal-content,  
“ By *boxes as before* is meant,  
What they were seven years ago—  
Ere Mr. Kemble, as you know,  
On Covent-Garden stage appear'd.”  
This hint was very loudly cheer'd.  
The chairman recommended now  
They shou'd a day or two allow

The managers for consultation—  
 But “No!” they cried, with indignation.  
 They on delay plac’d no reliance,  
 And call’d for a direct compliance.  
 A toast\* delighted now the throng,  
 Which was succeeded by a song.†  
 Another toast—*The Stage*—went round,  
 And much good humour did abound.  
 Some of the gentlemen retir’d  
 To think what terms should be requir’d.  
 To the committee they belong’d,  
 Who rais’d subscriptions, for the wrong’d  
 To carry on the prosecutions;  
 They soon return’d with resolutions.‡

\* *The antient and indisputable rights of the Pit.*

† By a Mr. Jones, who has sung at the Minor Theatre in Catherine-street, and since at the Sans Pareil, in the Strand.

‡ “We presume that the public will be satisfied with this. if acceded to on the part of the proprietors this evening, viz.

1. That the private boxes shall be reduced to the same state as they were in the year 1802.

2. That the pit shall be 3s. 6d.—the boxes 7s.

3. That an apology shall be made on the part of the proprietors to the public, and Mr. Brandon shall be dismissed.

4. That all prosecutions and actions on both sides shall be quashed.”



But which were merely repetitions  
Of Mr. File's propositions—  
'These now were read, sir, one by one,  
And all were carried too, *nem. con.*  
Then Mr. Kemble rose and said,  
That he much longer would have staid,  
But he was anxious to arrange  
The business for a happy change.—  
As from the bottom of his heart,  
He hop'd they all had play'd a part,  
Would for the past be compensation,  
And lay a permanent foundation  
For a good understanding 'tween  
'The public and the mimic scene.  
For his kind treatment then he gave  
His thanks, and bowing took his leave.  
Some of the company remain'd  
Till every bottle had been drain'd ;  
'Then at the play agreed to meet—  
Of which I in my next will treat.

## LETTER XVIII.

(IN CONCLUSION)

Now to the theatre we come—  
The *Provok'd Husband* and *Tom Thumb*  
They play'd, but ere the farce began,  
About the house the tidings ran,  
That Kemble had th' O. P.'s attended,  
And that hostilities were ended.  
This victory, as it was term'd,  
By Mr. Kemble was confirm'd.—  
“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said,  
And a respectful bow he made—  
“I must, however, I confess,  
Apologise for this my dress ;\*  
'Tis inconsistent a good deal  
With that respect for you I feel—

---

\* Mr. Kemble wore his common walking dress.

I've waited on the worthy set  
Who at the Crown and Anchor met.  
Proposals have been made—agreed to —  
'To which I trust you will accede too.  
'The pit shall be th' *old* price again,  
'The boxes at the *new* remain—  
'The *private* boxes too, I say,  
Shall with the season die away,"  
From ev'ry part "huzza," they cried,  
'Though some were still dissatisfied.  
"Now gentlemen I here declare,  
'That it shall be our future care  
Past follies never to repeat,  
So pray forget them I entreat—  
My partners and myself implore  
Forgiveness—we'll do so no more.  
We'll send to our attorney's now,  
And all proceedings stop, I vow."  
"Discharge the box-keeper," they cried,  
"Discharge him," echoed from each side—  
To this would Kemble have replied;  
But as he answered not with Yes,  
They all began to roar and hiss.  
The farce they now essay'd in vain,  
For wild the tumult was again.

While Munden, in *King Arthur's* part,  
With his full-bottom'd wig so smart,  
Perform'd a servant's part as well,  
In which in truth he did excel,  
He stopp'd—held converse with the pit,  
And was the person deem'd most fit  
All messages to carry—so  
King Arthur strutted to and fro—  
Ambassador was he this night,  
It was indeed a comic sight—  
*Tom Thumb's* a BURLESQUE we'll allow,  
But never more so than 'twas now.  
At last poor Mr. Brandon came—  
But, "Off! Be gone!" did they exclaim.  
"Off! off! Be gone!" cried the O. P.'s,  
"Or ere you speak down on your knees."  
King Arthur at his elbow stood,  
To prompt he now was in the mood.  
But when at Brandon sticks they threw,  
Away King Arthur nimbly flew—  
And *friendless* Brandon too withdrew.  
Young Harris came to intercede,  
But all in vain he spoke indeed—  
So finding he could not be heard,  
He bowed, and quickly disappear'd.

And now the clamour never stopp'd  
Until at length the curtain dropp'd.  
They chang'd their favorite dance O. P.  
Then into one they call'd B. D.\*  
The *Wheel of Fortune* 'twas next night,  
And the *Blind Boy*—a brilliant sight !  
The pit at the old price was full,  
This was the triumph of JOHN BULL.  
Now Kemble his appearance made,  
For he his part *Penruddock* play'd.  
And ere the comedy began,  
Throughout the house a rumour ran  
That Mr. Brandon was dismiss'd ;  
But still the people groan'd and hiss'd,  
Till Mr. Kemble enter'd—bow'd,  
And thus address'd the list'ning crowd—  
“Sirs, Mr. Brandon has *resign'd*.”  
This was enough—they all were kind—  
With very loud vociferation  
They now express'd their approbation.  
But at the end of the first act  
They murmur'd still—it is a fact—  
A something still did they exact.

---

\* i. e. Brandon discharged.

It was not general content—  
To Kemble then a note was sent,  
And in this note that had been handed,  
They an apology demanded.  
Now Kemble thought—and he was right—  
This had been done the previous night—  
But as they sought a repetition,  
He forward came with due submission ;  
And said that he and coadjutors  
Were for forgiveness humble suitors.  
They for the past felt much regret,  
And hop'd the town would all forget.  
Th' apology with shouts was hail'd,  
And harmony again prevail'd.  
By condescension and humility  
The managers restor'd tranquillity.  
But to effect this restoration,  
How great indeed their degradation ;  
While, on the other hand, you'll own,  
As great the triumph of the town ;  
For they who proudly thought to rule,  
At length were glad to court John Bull ;  
While INDEPENDENCE was his boast,  
Though he against him had a host.  
I should have told you, ere the play,  
The very bills, sir, of the day

Contain'd the managers' concessions,  
And their atonement for transgressions.  
Now, without further molestation,  
The play went on—while approbation  
Of all the actors' was repeated,  
And several speeches loudly greeted.  
When Mr. Kemble—'tis a fact,  
On entering in the second act,  
*Again I am in London* said,  
Loud cheers immediately were paid.  
A speech too, which Charles Kemble made  
About the house's alteration,  
Excited much congratulation.  
On the first piece's termination,  
The deputy again appear'd.  
Yes—Mr. Kemble—and was cheer'd.  
“Sirs,” he exclaim'd with a low bow—  
“Permit me to assure you now  
Those spikes and bars, which are so odious,  
And to the pit too incommodious,  
By Monday next shall be remov'd.”  
Of this they very much approv'd.  
Before the *Blind Boy* though was finish'd,  
Tranquillity somewhat diminish'd:  
There was not half so much applause,  
Of which the author \* was the cause.

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\* Captain Hewetson.

For he had been, you needs must know,  
To the O. P.'s a well-known foe—  
And certainly for being so  
He was too blame, for I insist  
That every author—dramatist—  
Who by his pen hopes for renown,  
Should keep in favor with the town.  
Spite of all this, it now was plain,  
That peace resum'd her reign again.  
“ We're satisfied,” exclaim'd the town,  
In a placard that now was shown—  
Thus peace, my friend, was sign'd and ra-  
tified.

In ev'ry wish th' O. P.'s were gratified.  
And so, for the succeeding days,  
In quietness went on the plays ;  
And Mr. Kemble deem'd it right  
To come forth every second night.  
He did successively appear  
In Hamlet, Zanga, and King Lear.  
There was some little hesitation,  
(It may be call'd—equivocation)  
About the private boxes—when  
Some of the O. P. gentlemen  
Insisted they did not accede to  
The resolution they'd agreed to.



The managers now to the same  
 Of the old playhouse laid a claim.\*  
 But these, the gentlemen complain'd,  
 Too many were to be retain'd.  
 They were resolv'd this great abuse  
 Of boxes—they should now reduce  
 To what sev'n years ago they were,  
 'Fore Mr. Kemble bought his share.  
 At length, the managers, afraid,  
 This grand concession† quickly made.  
 The victory was thus complete—  
 It was a triumph very great.

\* Underneath the playbill of Dec. the 20th was the following advertisement :—

“ It having been suggested to the proprietors that the advertisement relative to that part of the front boxes which is now occupied by annual boxes, is liable to misconstruction. They beg leave most respectfully to state, that, at the end of the present season, they will open to the public the circle of public boxes, retaining only the seven annual boxes on each side, as they stood in the old theatre.”

+ Underneath the playbill of Dec. the 26th was the following advertisement :—

“ The public are most respectfully informed, that after this season the entire circle of upper boxes will be open to general use, excepting only *three annual boxes* on each side of the theatre.”

This of course will render the number of private boxes only *ten*, as in the year 1802.

And thereupon a song they wrote,  
Which I shall here beg leave to quote.  
For ballad singers now with glee  
Proclaim'd

## THE O. P.'s VICTORY.

AGAIN the vocal tumult roars,  
The O. P.'s take their ground,  
On all sides reinforcements pours,  
At rattles' well known sound ;  
Then shouting forth their fav'rite songs,  
They beat time as they sing,  
Battons strike home ! avenge your wrongs,  
And then—God save the King.  
With a hey ho rattle,  
Hark forward to battle.

While as the battle fierce did glow,  
JOHN KIMBLE stood in view,  
Be-g'd silence—making them his bow—  
“ O. P.'s I yield to you,

“ BRANDON shall quit us in a trice,  
“ No private box shall be,  
“ And Pittites—you shall have old price ;  
“ You’ve gain’d the victory.  
“ With your hey ho dancing,  
“ Hark forward and prancing.”

Placards of a new kind, soon after,  
To raise our pity, not our laughter,  
Were held to view—a supplication  
For Mr. Brandon’s restoration.  
Even Mr. Clifford too, so kind,  
In this solicitation join’d;  
But since so late he was expell’d,  
At present mercy was withheld.  
However, with humiliation,  
He importun’d his situation,  
And pardon in the prints implor’d,  
So that, my friend, he’s now restor’d.  
But to proceed—in celebration  
Of this grand reconciliation,  
Another dinner in the Strand  
Was fix’d on by this jovial band.  
The managers were now invited  
To be with the O. P.’s united.

Methinks you cry—Here is a change,  
Most wonderful indeed and strange!  
Yes, friend, so wonderful, the news  
Became the subject of a muse.  
Another song was thereon written,  
Which you may think there is some wit in—  
I therefore give it—here you'll see

### THE MANAGER TURN'D AN O. P.

THE O. P.'s together will dine I declare,  
    “ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble,  
“ And Counsellor Clifford will be in the chair ;  
“ Egad I should like very much to be there,  
    With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,  
    “ I'll go,” says Manager Kemble.

“ I find 'tis in vain the O. P.'s to oppose,  
    “ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble,  
“ I can't keep them quiet, by words or by  
    blows.”

So straightways to Counsellor Clifford he goes,  
    With his rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,  
    “ A parley,” says Manager Kemble.

“ Mr. Kemble (said Clifford) what want you with me ?”

“ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble,

“ I very much wish of your party to be ;

“ You’ve work’d my conversion, I’m turn’d an O. P.”

With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,

“ I have,” says Manager Kemble.

“ To your meeting I’ll come, if your friends are well bred,

“ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble,

“ But I fear they’ll throw plates, knives, and forks at my head.”

Says Clifford, “ On that point you’ve nothing to dread.”

With rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,

“ Then I’ll come,” says Manager Kemble.

Impatient he waited two hours in the hall,

“ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

He saw all that pass’d through a chink in the wall ;

But he dar’d not go in till the chairman did call,

With his rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,

“ Make haste,” says Manager Kemble.

Mr. Clifford then rose and address'd the O. P's.

“Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

Says he, “Gentlemen, Kemble will do what you please,

He's here, have him in, and he'll go on his knees.”

With his rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage,

“Lord help me!” says Manager Kemble.

The jolly O. P's. then sat up a great row,

“Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

“Come, hand up the manager, have at him now!”

Mr. Kemble sneak'd in, and made many a bow,

With his rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“A truce,” says Manager Kemble.

“My theatre, nightly, with orders is filling,

“Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

“To meet you half-way I'm ready and willing,

“The sixpence I'll wave, if you give me a shilling.”

With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“More yet!” says Manager Kemble.

“ No private boxes,” they loudly did bawl,

“ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

“ I promise ye half to the public shall fall,

“ And if that won’t content ye, I’ll let the  
have all.”

With a rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“ What next,” says Manager Kemble.

The pigeon-hole boxes next serv’d them for  
raillery,

“ Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

“ Next season I’ll turn them all into the gal-  
lery,

“ So you’ll let me but act, and thus pocket my  
salary.”

With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“ Ask on,” says Manager Kemble.

“ We’ll have Brandon discharg’d, he’s the  
source of all evil,”

“ Heigh-ho,” says Manager Kemble.

“ ’Tis granted! and if but to me you will be civil,

“ I’ll willingly send all my friends to the devil.”

With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“ Have you done,” says manager Kemble.

Then he got on the table, and danc'd the O. P.

“Heigh-ho,” says Kemble.

“Ev’ry thing you desire now I’ve done to  
a T.

“So you cannot do less than give three cheers  
for me.”

With my rowly-poly, gammon and spinnage.

“Good bye,” says Manager Kemble.

And now, on 'Thursday, as we find,

The managers and O. P's. din'd

Together—January four—

When every face good-humour wore.

It seem'd a reconciliation—

Of which 'twas in commemoration.

Again was CLIFFORD in the chair,

While KEMBLE and HARRIS Junior were

On Mr. Clifford's right-hand seated—

As by the chairman was entreated ;

But his left-side he did confer

Upon the O. P. treasurer ;\*

In short, all comfortably sat,

With many smiles, and much chit-chat.

---

\* Mr. Miller, treasurer to the O. P. fund.



As soon as was the cloth remov'd,  
 The KING's health highly was approv'd ;  
 A toast,\* relating to the cause  
 Of meeting, also met applause.  
 Now Kemble rose, and gave his word,  
 He with their sentiments concurr'd ;  
 And, with his friend,† begg'd leave, I think,  
 The healths of all around to drink.  
 'Then other toasts fill'd up the time,  
 But which I cannot put in rhyme—  
 So in a note,‡ as given, take them,  
 And see if couplets you can make them.

Thus all was amity and glee—  
 They also drank, with three times three,  
 The healths of Kemble and young Harris :  
 And now the former went so far as  
 T' assure them he could not refrain  
 From drinking all their healths again ;  
 And so he did. Young Harris then  
 A speech deliver'd :—" Gentlemen,

\* Viz. " May this happy reconciliation be of equal advantage to the public in amusement, as to the proprietors in emolument."

† Mr. Harris, Junior,

‡ Viz. " May a 'ow-beating judge ever be opposed by an enlightened and impartial jury."

" The Bill of Rights, and condign punishment to those magistrates who infringe it by requiring excessive bail."

All present I sincerely thank,  
 Because my health you freely drank ;  
 And fain my pleasure I'd declare,  
 That of your dinner I took share—  
 For now, I trust, we all are friends,  
 And that to day contention ends."

From every part loud cheers ensued—  
 But is't not time I should conclude ?  
 Suffice it then, my friend, to say,  
 They all shook hands and went away.  
 Such was the dinner, and, I hear,  
 'Twill be continued every year.  
 Thus did the O P. battle end—  
 And heartily I wish, my friend,  
 That ALL hostilities did cease,  
 And that it was a GEN'RAL peace ;  
 That all mankind, with tranquil hearts,  
 Upon life's stage might play their parts—  
 This is, indeed, the prayer most fervent,  
 Of

Your obedient,

Humble servant,

FINIS.







